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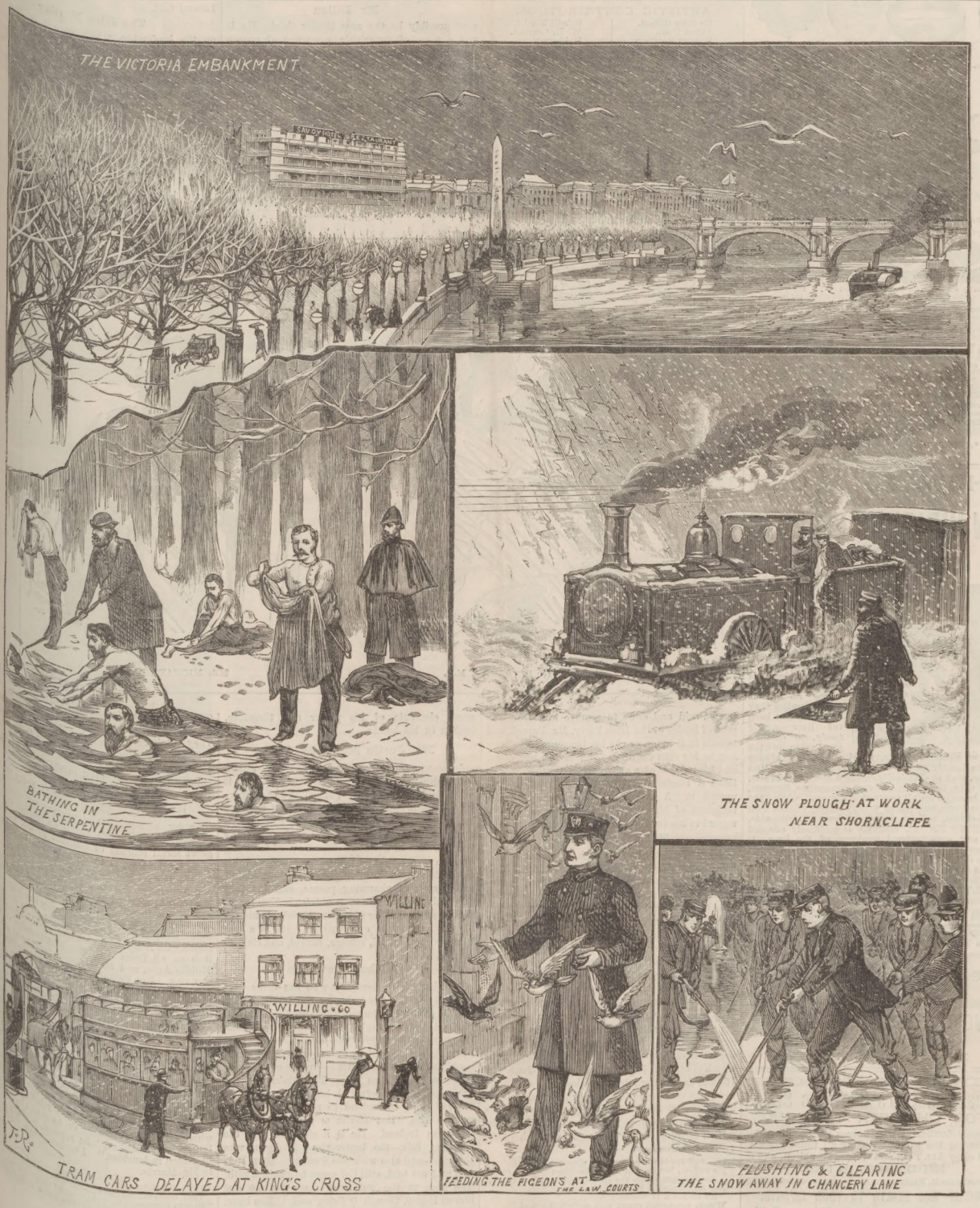

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PERSONAL POLITICS

The Parnell Crisis

is still a crisis, and I suppose I may say is likely to remain a crisis for some time longer. I think it now probable that, in spite of everything that This is Parnell—a spectacle for gods and men; wrong, fatally wrong, in his attitude, but still in this world with flabby creatures a man to note and remember. I think he will ultimately be beaten. The loss of the priests and of the whole force of the Catholic Church is irreparable, and will in the long-run, though I think slowly, deflect the great majority of the Irish people from his side. This is

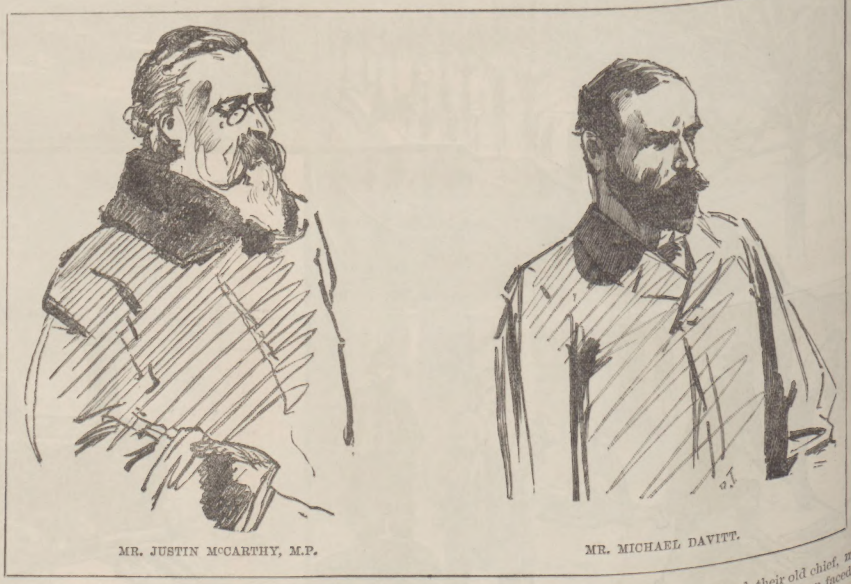
Mr. Healy's Opinion,

and Mr. Healy is ready to be as good as his word, and challenge an election in Ireland on the anti-Parnellite lines. Of course, if Parnell wins, the Nationalist movement is split into fragments, utterly broken up beyond all hope of recovery. If he loses, the wounds may slowly close again, and Ireland rally to other leaders. Should this be the case,

Mr. Dillon

may possibly be the new titular chief. He is not a man of invariable prudence of speech and action, but his great personal dignity, his historic name, his energy and devotion to the Nationalist cause carry great weight. None of his followers, of course, equals Mr. Parnell in strategic genius, in force of will and temper, and in personal power.

But Mr. Parnell's fatal weakness just now is that no man will trust him. He betrayed Lord Carnarvon's confidence, and he has betrayed Mr Gladstone's. Therefore, no English party can again repose the smallest reliance on his word. He no longer unites the Irish nation, and he is ostracised from English political life. The two



MR. JUSTIN McCARTHY, M.P.

MR. MICHAEL DAVITT.

can be said and done to remove him from the post of leader of the Irish Party, Mr. Parnell will remain in it as long as he has the smallest following in his own country. His tactics are clear, and his mind is of a character that, when it once takes a resolution, it is almost impossible to uproot it. A friend of mine, who was the recipient of Mr Parnell's earlier confidence in regard to his future course, described to me the

Remarkable Scene

which took place when the Irish leader announced his intentions. Gazing into the fire, and smoking a cigar, the Irish leader in cold, level, monotonous tones, without changing a muscle in his face or altering his position, defined the steps which he intended to take for the assertion of his position as Nationalist leader. Every step that he then outlined he has since carried out with the utmost completeness, and with a dogged resolution which is characteristic. I myself met him coming out of the committee-room during Monday's great meeting. His face was very pale, but it wore its usual expression of calm indifference. The man is utterly callous. He cares for nothing that the crowd says about him or for the imputations which it casts on his morals or private character. He was as unmoved by Mr Gladstone's attitude as by the desertion of the majority of his following. The telegrams from America did not shake his resolution one jot. There is something Spartan in this attitude, which reminds one of the Poet Laureate's words —

Oh, well for him whose will is strong,
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
For him not moves the rude world's random shock,
Nor all calamities huge waves confound
He stands a promontory rock,
Which, compassed round with turbulent sound,
In middle ocean meets the surging shock.

great elements of his power are, therefore, broken in his hands.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P.

In some quarters I hear that Mr. Justin McCarthy will, when the majority shall, as it must, declare against Mr. Parnell, in the proportion of about two to one, be appointed the new leader. There are many reasons why Englishmen would welcome the appointment. Mr. McCarthy is a favourite in London. We are used to seeing him on first nights at theatres—him and his clever-faced son, the adapter of "The Candidate" and writer of charming poems, and his fair, bright daughter. He is an old *Daily News* leader writer, and is author of the most readable history of our own times ever written. He is a true literary man, genial, sincere, honest, and simple-minded.

Michael Davitt.

Another Irish personality who has come prominently to the front during the terrible crisis in his country's fortunes is Michael Davitt. Michael feels strongly about the Parnell case. He is under the impression—an impression, I am bound to say, shared by others—that Mr. Parnell conveyed to him a distinct assurance of his innocence in the O'Shea case. He thinks that the Irish leader has betrayed his country, and he talks of going to Ireland to meet him and denounce him. But Davitt is not now a great power in Ireland. He is a strength with the thinking folk—the better-class Irishmen who theorise—and also with the Fenians. But Parnell is, I am told, still the name to conjure with. The man in the red shirt cares for no one else as leader, though O'Brien and Dillon have, of course, a good second place in his affections. The great anti-Parnell factor is, as I said, the clergy.

Mr. Gladstone.

Meanwhile Mr Gladstone keeps up a stout heart. As usual, he cherishes not the smallest personal resentment against Mr. Parnell. He quite recognises the Irishman's right to fight hard, and of a move of Mr Parnell's he said with a smile that it "was unquestionably masterful." He chatted pleasantly about all sorts of things—the theatre, the weather, and what not—while he was indicting his famous reply, and, though he is full of fight and means to go on to the end, thinks of the whole business more in sorrow than in anger.

Mr Chamberlain.

A little bird whispers in my ear that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is ready to return to the Liberal fold.

The Irish Meeting

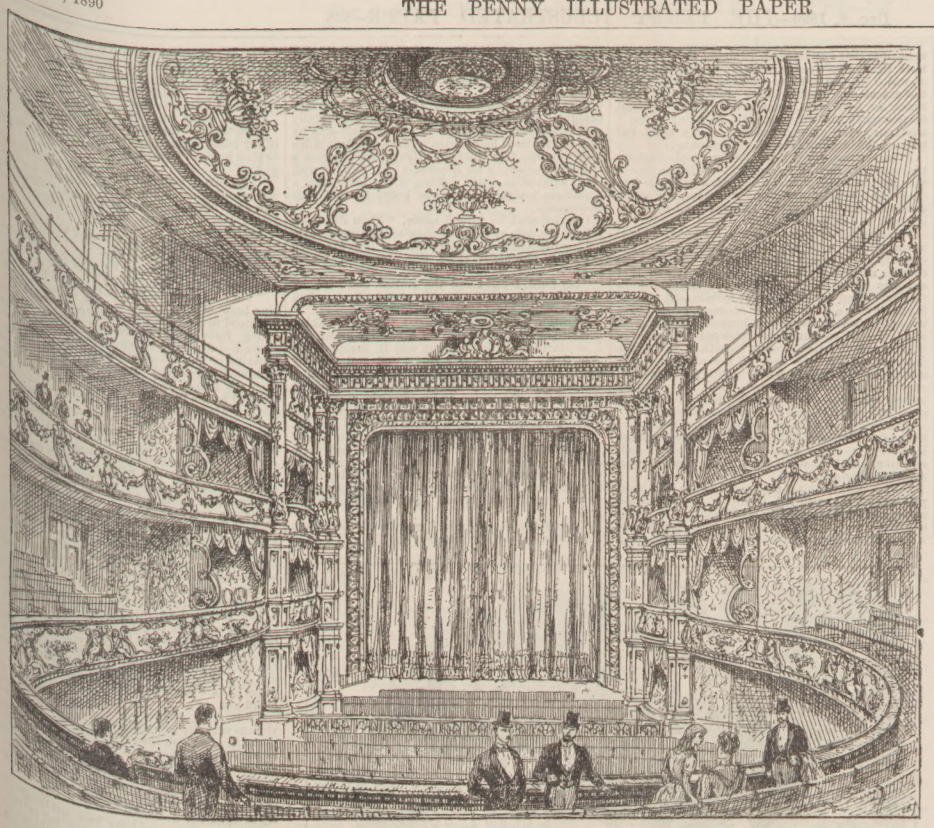
on the leadership, which opened on Monday, was very dignified in tone. There were two passionate scenes—one between Mr Parnell and Mr. Healy, who stood defying each other for some moments, the latter yielding at last, and between Mr. Campbell, Mr. Parnell's fiery, loyal young secretary, and Mr. Chance. For the rest, the Irishmen kept their dignity wonderfully, especially the anti-Parnellites. Mr. Parnell behaved in the chair with wonderful tact and coolness — he is always cool — but he showed some ill-temper at times, and played very sharply all through for his own hand. But there was no weakening on the part of the opposition: they faced their old chief, manfully but modestly, as he has never been faced before. They didn't brag, but they held their own; and I think they deserve well of their countrymen and of Englishmen for doing so.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

"IN DARKEST ENGLAND."

Side by side with the controversy over Mr Parnell, there is still much discussion of the great social scheme of General Booth, which I note, by the way, is to be extended to France. The money is coming in rapidly enough, and in one Nonconformist chapel alone an appeal from the pulpit produced about £400. But Punch has begun to publish letters on the other side. In one of these Professor Huxley condemns the movement, because he conceives it to be associated with religious fanaticism, and he argues that it is on all fours with the Mormon propaganda. So in Middle Ages, and the Mormon movement in our own day. But Professor Huxley ignores that the Darkest England crusade is to be in its main features material and not spiritual—the reverse. Moreover, it is not of the St. Francis ideal. Moreover, it is not argument to say that into the movement of St. Francis abuses early crept. The press is a potent factor in our day to prevent any prolonged treachery and fraud. And, meanwhile, here are the poor, the wretched, the miserable, to whom the scheme offers some immediate chance. Here are the "submerged tenth"—what is the use of arguing about them while they are drowning? Let us throw them the ropes. At the same time Mr. Augustus Harris answered sensibly enough when asked to subscribe or to give a benefit at Drury-Lane. "Yes," he replied, "if the fund be vested in trustees." I certainly say "ditto" to Mr. Harris.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—ILLD. GUIDE (200 pages, 2d.), "How to Commence."—Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 109, Euston-road, London.—HY. MYERS. Estab 1856.—Lavers



NEW OLYMPIC THEATRE, OPENED BY MR. WILSON BARRETT WITH "THE PEOPLE'S IDOL."

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

Mr. Wilson Barrett.

From a Photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, 57 and 61, Ebury-street, S.W.

Mr. Wilson Barrett is just the man to make the exceedingly commodious and safe New Olympic Theatre one of the most popular playhouses in London. The earnest and able Actor-Manager who did so much for the fortunes of the Princess's by hitting upon a veritable gold-mine in the shape of Mr. George R. Sims's first great drama, "The Lights o' London" (after that admirable piece had been stupidly declined by several Managers), is not likely to be held back by his brother lessees are. Mr. Barrett has tried another new author, in collaboration this time, in the person of an inaugural melodrama at his handsome theatre, to which all playgoers will, I am certain, join me in wishing every success. Mr. Barrett eminently deserves to succeed in his chosen profession. He is a favourite actor, and a popular Manager. While his picturesque impersonations of "The Lights o' London," "The Romany Rye," and "The Silver King" are among the freshest memories of modern melodrama, his handsome and his Claudian (in which "Phra"-like make-up he is photographed) stand out, clear-cut and distinct, as cameos of the poetical drama.

Let Wilson Barrett make the New Olympic another Home of Melodrama, and the New Olympic will become even more attractive to playgoers than the Old Olympic was in the days of Tom Taylor's "Ticket-of-Leave Man."

The New Olympic seemed to me, when I was courteously shown over it the other day by Mr. Barrett's Business Manager, Mr. G. M. Polini, one of the most comfortable theatres I have ever been in. Those familiar with the Old Olympic will be astonished to see such a large and handsome auditorium, and such a magnificent stage (ingeniously fitted with every improvement the experience of Wilson Barrett could suggest). The pretty Rose du Barri colour of the decorations makes the new house look comfortably warm. The splendid pit holds 1200 people; the gallery is similarly spacious. I venture to predict that the amphitheatre stalls, where Jack and Jill can book seats for 3s. each, will be in great demand; and I was pleased to find, in short, that good views of the stage could be obtained from every part of the auditorium. This entirely new theatre is erected from the designs of Messrs. Crewe and Sprague by Messrs. Holiday and Greenwood, is decorated by MM. Allard and Sons, of Paris, in the Louis Seize style, and is lit throughout by electricity by Mr. Harry South, gas being also available. Messrs. Oetzmann and Co. are the upholsterers. I was happy to note that Mr. Barrett had made ample provision for the comfort of his company in the capacious new dressing-rooms (which should shame certain other managers into providing equally good accommodation for the actors and actresses in their power). Mr. Barrett has wisely adopted a scale of cheap prices of admission. Nevertheless, the New Olympic (sketched by the ubiquitous *P.I.P.* Artist) will hold £350 when full. Good business! It is to be hoped £350 will be taken for many a night during the run of the new Sheffield drama by Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Victor Widnell, entitled "The People's Idol," in which Mr. Barrett makes his welcome reappearance, with that admirable comedian his brother George, but with charming Miss Winifred Emery as heroine in lieu of Miss Eastlake, whose triumphs under Mr. Barrett's management in England and in America will not, however, be forgotten. To sum up, I hope to be able to chronicle next week the completely successful production of "The People's Idol."

"Plymouth Hoe" bids fair to be *the* favourite song in the coming pantomimes. This very singable ditty, a credit alike to Mr. H. Pottinger Stephens, the clever author, and Mr. Percy Reeve, the composer, is already accepted by certain wideawake London managers. It is published by Joseph Williams, 24, Berners-street, W.

Speaking of Music, I am bound to recommend the vocal score of Meyer Lutz's "Carmen Up to Data," containing the favourite "Hush! the Bogie!" "Old Love, adieu!" "The Jolly Boys' Club," and, in fine, all the merry and melodious songs that are sung so gaily by Lonnen and Florence St. John and the jovial Gaiety burlesque company. The vocal score is published for 6s. by Messrs. E. Ascherberg and Co., 46, Berners-street, W.

Signor Lago won such well-merited honour by his too brief season of Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden (closed last Saturday by an excellent performance of "Tannhäuser") that his next London campaign will be looked forward to with pleasure.

Very much like the Illustrations in a volume of Charles Dickens's "Pickwick" seemed the old-fashioned and fanciful costumes worn by Mr. Charles Wyndham's Company in his exceedingly bright and vivacious revival of Boucicault's comedy of "London Assurance." Hence this revival is distinctly a thing to see. It is an utterly improbable piece based on the style of Old English comedies, but there is an amount of dash and "go" in it that renders it very amusing. Needless to say that Mr. Wyndham himself acts the part of the unconscionable Dazzle in the highest of spirits and the most sparkling manner; nor that he is admirably seconded by all—save that the droll Blakeley will "mug" too much as the lawyer. What a Pickwick Blakeley would make were he but to moderate his humour, and keep within the bounds of naturalness! Next to the brilliant Dazzle of Mr. Wyndham the acting that pleased me most was that of Mr. Cyril Maude's Cool and Mr. H. H. Vincent's Max Harkaway, both artistic. The rakish Sir Harcourt Courtley of Mr. W. Farren was good as ever, and the cast was completed by a captivating Grace Harkaway in Miss Mary Moore, a seductive Lady Gay Spanker in Mrs. Bernard-Beere, a droll Dolly Spanker in Mr. George Giddens, and a grave Charles Courtly in Mr. Bourchier. A merry evening may be spent at the Criterion.

It was only last May that the Lyric Hall at Hammersmith was condemned by the County Council; but now, like an Aladdin's palace, a new picture playhouse has arisen on its site. Red bricks and white stone render the outer appearance attractive; and inside, with its crimson and gold decorations and comfortable seats, the Lyric Opera House is probably the prettiest and pleasantest little playhouse outside central London. The opening programme included a musical perversion of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," supposed to be from the pen of Mr. Cordingley, the proprietor, who for the present week has engaged the popular Mr. Shiel Barry, and revived the merry "Cloches de Corneville." As the Lyric Opera House is within sight of the two Hammersmith railway stations, it is easily accessible to playgoers from town. The Lyric must prove a great boon to Hammersmith and Chiswick.

THESPIS.

AN INTERRUPTION.

First Medical Student: "Do you know, I have a suspicion that this fellow isn't dead?"

Second Medical Student: "He certainly does bear some resemblance to life. But we've tried everything without avail."

The Dead Man: "I wish you fellows would quit talking, or else send me back to Philadelphia."

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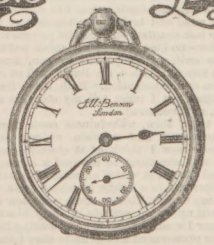

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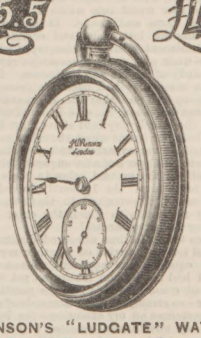

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THAT WAS A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

"Why, your husband sings all day long, like a bird."

"Except when I ask for money. Then he talks short all day, like a bear."

MODERN CONVENIENCES.

Little Girl (in church): "Why does so many people put those little envelopes on th' contribution plate?"

Little Boy: "Them 's to keep the pennies from makin' so much noise."

HIS PROMPT REPLY.

Dashaway: "Suppose you should come around to my house some day, walk up to my room, and find my lifeless corpse in bed, what would you do?"

Cleverton: "I would institute an immediate search for that five pounds you owe me."

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHŒNICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

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CHAPTER VIII.

IT was with indescribable sensations of mingled pain and satisfaction that life dawned again in my mind and body after the drowsy ending of the last chapter. To me the process was robbed of wonder—no idea crossed my mind but that I had slept an ordinary sleep; but to you, knowing the strange fate to which I am liable, will at once occur suspicion and expectation. Both these feelings will be gratified, yet I must tell my story, in my simple fashion, as it occurred.

This time, then, wakefulness came upon me in a prolonged grey and crimson vision; and for a long spell—now I think of it closely—probably for days, I was wrestling to unravel a strange web of light and gloom, in which all sorts of dreamy colours shone alternate in a misty blending upon the blank field of my mind. These colours were now and again swallowed up by an episode of deep obscurity, and the longer I studied them in an unwitting listless way the more pronounced and definite they became, until at last they were no more a tinted haze of uncertain tone, but a chequered plan, silently passing over my shut eyelids at slow, measured intervals. Well, upon an afternoon—which, you will understand, I shall not readily forget—my eyes were suddenly opened, and, with a deep sigh, like one who wakes after a good night's repose, existence came back upon me, and, all motionless and dull, but very consciously alive and observant, I was myself again.

My first clear knowledge on that strange occasion was of the strains of a merle singing somewhere near; and, as those seraphic notes thrilled into the dry, unused channels of my hearing, the melody went through me to my utmost fibre. Next I felt, as a strong tonic elixir, a draught of cool spring air, full of the taste of sunshine and rich with the scent of a grateful earth, blowing down upon me and dissipating, with its sweet breath, the last mists of my sleepfulness. While these soft ministrations of the good nurse Nature put my blood into circulation again, filling me with a gentle vegetable pleasure, my newly opened eyes were attracted at the richness and variety of their early discoverings.

To the inexperience of my long forgetfulness everything around was quaint and grotesque! Everything, too, was grey, and crimson, and green! As I stared and speculated, with the vapid artlessness of a baby novice, the new world into which I was thus born slowly took form and shape. It opened out into unknown depths, into aisles and corridors, into a wooden firmament overhead, chequered with clouds of timber-work and endless mazes (to my poor untutored mind) of groins and buttresses. Long grey walls—the same that had been the groundwork of my fancy—opened on either side, a great bare sweep of pavement was below them, and a hundred windows letting in the comely daylight above; but best of all was that long one by me which the crimson sun smote strongly upon its varied surface, and, gleaming through the gorgeous patchwork of a dozen parables in coloured glasses, fell on the ground below in pools of many-coloured brightness. As I, inertly, watched these shifting beams, I perceived in them the cause of those gay mosaics with which the outer light had amused my sleeping fancies!

All these things in time appeared distinct enough to me, and tempted a trial of whether my physical condition equalled the apparent soundness of my senses. I had hardly had leisure as yet to wonder how I had come into this strange position, or to remember—so strong were the demands of surrounding circumstances on my attention—the last remote pages of my adventures—remote, I now began to entertain a certain consciousness, they were—I was so fully taken up with the matter of the moment, that it never occurred to me to speculate beyond, but the pressing question was in what sort of a body were those sparks of sight and sense burning.

It was pretty clear I was in a church, and a greater one than I had ever entered before. My position, I could tell, spoke of funeral rites, or rather the stiff comfort of one of those marble effigies with which sculptors have from the earliest times decorated tombs. And yet I was not entombed, nor did I think I was marble, or even the plaster of more frugal monumenters. My eyes served little purpose in the deepening light, while as yet I had not moved a muscle. As I thought and speculated, the dreadful fancy came across me that, if I were not stone, possibly I was the other extreme—a thin tissue of dry dust held together by the leniency of long silence and repose, and perhaps—dreadful consideration!—the sensations of life and pleasure now felt were threading those thin wasted tissues, as I have seen the red sparks reluctantly wander in the black folds of a charred scroll, and finally drop out one by one for pure lack of fuel. Was I such a scroll? The idea was not to be borne, and, pitting my will against the stiffness of I knew not what interval, I slowly lifted my right arm and held it forth at length.

My chief sentiment at the moment was wonderment at the limb thus held out in the dim cathedral twilight; my next was a glow of triumph at this achievement; and then, as something of the stress of my will was taken off and the arm flew back with a jerk to its exact place by my side, a flood of pain rushed into it, and with the pain came slowly at first, but quickly deepening and broadening, a remembrance of my previous sleeps and those other awakenings of mine attended by just such thrills.

I will not weary you with repetitions or recount the throes that I endured in attaining flexibility. I have, by Heaven's mercy, a determination within me of which no one is fit to speak but he who knows the extent and number of its conquests. A dozen times, so keen were these griefs, I was tempted to relinquish the struggle, and as many times I triumphed, the unquenched fire of my mind but burning the brighter for each opposition.

At last, when the painted shadows had crept up the opposite wall inch by inch and lost themselves in the upper colonnades, and the gloom around me had deepened into blackness, I was victorious, and weak, and faint, and tingling, but, respirited and supple, I lay back and slept like a child.

This rest did me good. When I opened my eyes again it was with no special surprise (for the capacity of wonder is very volatile) that I saw the chancel where I lay had been lighted up, and that a portly Abbot was standing near, clad in brown fustian, corded round his ample middle, and picking his teeth with a little splinter of wood, as he paced up and down muttering to himself something, of which I only caught such occasional fragments as "fat capons," "spoilt roasts" (with a sniff in the direction of the side door of the abbey), and a malison on "unseemly hours" (with a glance at an empty confessional near me), until he presently halted opposite—whereon I immediately shut my eyes—and regarded me with dull complacency.

As he did so an acolyte, a pale, grave recluse on whose face vigils and abnegation had already set the lines of age, stepped out from the shadow, and, standing just behind his superior, also gazed upon me with silent attention.

"That blessed saint, Ambrose," said the fat Abbot, pointing at me with his toothpick apparently for want of something better to speak about, "is nearly as good to us as the miraculous cruse was to the woman of Sarepta: what this holy foundation would do just now, when all men's minds are turned to war, without the pence we draw from pilgrims who come to kneel to him, I cannot think!"

"Indeed, Sir," said the sad-eyed youth, "the good influence of that holy man knows no limit: it is as strong in death as no doubt it was in life. 'Twas only this morning that by leave of our Prior I brought out the great missals, and there found something, but not much, that concerned him."

"Recite it, brother," quoth the Abbot with a yawn, "and if you know anything of him beyond the pilgrim pence he draws you know more than I do."

"Nay, my Lord, 'tis but little I learnt. All the entries save the first in our journals are of slight value, for they but record from year to year how this sum and that were spent in due keeping and care of the sleeping wonder, and how many pilgrims visited this shrine, and by how much Mother Church benefited by their dutiful generosity."

"And the first entry? What said it?"

"All too briefly, Sir, it recorded in a faded passage that when the saintly Baldwin—may God assoil him!" quoth the friar, crossing himself—"when Baldwin, the first Norman Bishop in your Holiness's place, came here, he found yon martyr laid on a mean and paltry shelf among the brothers' cells. All were gone who could tell his life and history, but your predecessor, says the scroll, judging by the outward marvel of his suspended life, was certain of that wondrous body's holy beatitude, and, reflecting much, had him meetly robed and washed, and placed him here. 'Twas a good deed," sighed the studious boy.

"Ah! and it has told to the advantage of the monastery," responded his senior, and he came close up and bent low over me, so that I heard him mutter, "Strange old relic! I wonder how it feels to go so long as that—if, indeed, he lives—without food. It was a clever thought of my predecessor to convert the old mummy-bundle of swaddles into a Norman saint! Baldwin was almost too good a man for the cloisters: with so much shrewdness, he should have been a courtier!"

"Oh!" I thought, "that is the way I came here, is it, my fat friend?" and I lay as still as any of my comrade monuments while the old Abbot bent over me chuckling to himself a bibulous chuckle, and pressing his short thick thumb into my sides as though he was sampling a plump pigeon or a gosling at a village fair.

"By the forty saints that Augustine sent to this benighted island, he takes his fasting wonderfully well! He is firm in gammon and brisket—and by that saintly band he has even a touch of colour in his cheeks, unless these flickering lights play my eyes a trick!" whereupon his Reverence regarded me with lively admiration, little witting it was more than a breathless marvel, a senseless body, he was thus addressing.

In a moment he turned again, "Thou didst not tell me the date of this old fellow's—Heaven forgive me!—of this blessed martyr's sleep. How long ago said the chronicles since this wondrous trance began?"

"My Lord, I computed the matter, and here, by that veracious, unquestionable record, he has lain three hundred years and more!"

At this extraordinary statement the portly Abbot whistled as though he were on a country green, and I, so startling, so incredulous was it, involuntarily turned my head towards them, and gathered my breath to cast back that audacious lie. But neither movement nor sign was seen, for at that very moment the quiet novice laid a finger upon the monk's full sleeve and whispered hurriedly, "Father!—the Earl—the Earl!" and both looked down the chancel.

At the bottom the door swung open, giving a brief sight of the pale-blue evening beyond, and there entered a tall and martial figure who advanced in warlike harness to the altar steps, and, placing down the helm decked with plumes that danced black and visionary in the dim cresset light, he fell upon one knee.

"Pax vobiscum, my son!" murmured the Abbot, extending his hands in blessing.

"If thou wilt remember me when thou seest the gallant drink about to be squandered—then 'tis a bargain. I will hear thy confession now."

"Et vobis," answered the gallant, "da mihi, domine reverendissime, misericordiam vestram!" And at the sound of their voices I raised me to my elbow, for the young warlike Earl, as he bent him there, was sheathed and armed in a way that I, though familiar with many camps, had never seen before.

Over his fine gold hauberk was a wondrous tabard, a magnificent emblazoned surtout, and, as he knelt, the light of the waxen altar tapers twinkled upon his steel vestments, they touched his yellow curls and sparkled upon the jewelled links of the chain he had about his neck; they gleamed from breastplate and from belt; they illuminated the thick-sown pearls and sapphires of his sword-hilt, and glanced back in subdued radiance, as befitted that holy place, from gauntlets and gorget, from warlike furniture and lordly gems, down to the great rowels of the golden spurs that decked his knightly heels.

The acolyte had shrunk into the shadows, and the Earl had had his blessing, when the Abbot drew him into the recess where I lay in the moonbeams, that he might speak him the more privately—that Churchman little guessing what a good listener the stern, cold saint, so trim and prone upon his marble shrine, could be!

"Ah, noble Codrington," quoth the monk, "truly we will to the confessional at once, since thou art in so much haste, and thou shalt certainly travel the lighter for leaving thy load of transgressions to the holy forgiveness of Mother Church; but first, tell me true, dost thou really sail for France to-night?"

"Holy father, at this very moment our vessels are waiting to be gone, and all my good companions chafe and vex them for all this my absence!"

"What! and dost thou start for hostile shores and bloody feuds with half thy tithes and tolls unpaid to us? Noble Earl, wert thou to meet with any mischance yonder—which Heaven prevent!—and didst thou stand ill with our exchequer in this particular, there were no hope for thee! I tell thee thou wert as surely damned if thou diedst owing this holy foundation aught of the poor contributions it asks of those to whom it ministers as if thy life were one long count of wickedness! I will not listen—I will not shrive thee until thou hast comported thyself duly in this most important particular!"

"Good father, thy warmth is unnecessary," replied the Earl. "My worldly matters are set straight, and my steward has orders to pay thee in full all that may be owing between us; 'twas spiritual settlement I came to seek."

"Oh!" quoth his Reverence, in an altered tone, "Then thou art free at once to follow the promptings of thy noble instinct, and serve thy King and country as thou listest. I fear this will be a bloody war you go to."

"'Tis like to be," said the soldier, brightening up and speaking out boldly on a subject he loved, his fine eyes flashing with martial fire—"already the yellow sun of Picardy flaunts on Edward's royal lilies!"

"Ah," put in the monk, "and no doubt ripens many a butt of noble malmsey."

"Already the red soil of Flanders is redder by the red blood of our gallant chivalry!"

"Yet even then not half so red, good Earl, as the ripe brew of Burgundy—a jolly mellow brew that has stood in the back part of the cellar, secure in the loving forbearance of twenty masters. Talk of renown—talk of thy leman—talk of honour and the breaking of spears—what are all these to such a vat of beaded pleasures? I tell thee, Codrington, not even the fabled pool wherein the rhymers say the cursed Paynim looks to foretaste the delights of his sinful heaven reflects more joy than such a cobwebbed tub! Would that I had more of them!" added the bibulous old priest after a pause, and sighing deeply. As he did so an idea occurred to him. Those are, exclaimed, "Look thee, my gallant boy! Thou art bound whither all this noble stuff doth come from, and 'tis quite possible in the turning tumble of bloody strife thou mayst be at the turning point of many a fat roost and many a well-stocked cellar. Now, if this be so, and thou wilt remember me when thou seest the gallant drink about to be squandered on the loose gullets of base, scullion troopers, why then 'tis a bargain, and, in paternal acknowledgment of this thy filial duty, I will hear thy confession now, and thy penance, I promise, shall not be such as will inconvenience thy active life."

The knight bent his head, somewhat coldly I thought, and then they turned and went over to the oriel confessional, where the moonlight was throwing from the window above a pallid pearly transcript of the Mother and her sweet Nazarene Babe, all in silver and opal tints, upon the sacred woodwork, and as the priest's black shadow blotted the tender picture out I heard him say—

"But mind, it must be good and ripe—'tis that vintage with the two white crosses down by the vats that I like best—an thou sendest me any sour Chalk-layman-tipple, thou art a forsworn hervtie, and lose thy sin afresh upon thee—so discriminate, and be it worthy Churchman entered to shrive the forsworn, and as the casement closed upon him the fane grew silent, indifferent shadows from above bloomed again upon the doorway.

Dreamy and drowsy I lay back and thought and wondered, for how long I know not, but for long until the dim aisles had grown midnight-dark and the moon had set, and then an owl hooted on the ledges outside, and at that sound, with a start and a sigh, I awoke once more.

"Fools!" I muttered, thinking over what I had heard with dreamy insequence—"fools, liars, to set such a date upon this rest of mine! Drunken churls! I will go at once to my fair Saxon, to my sweet nestlings—that is, if they be not yet to be—and to-morrow I will give that meagre acolyte such a lesson in the misreading of his missal-Dunstan shall last him till Doomsday. By St. Dunstan, he shall play no more pranks with me—and yet, and yet, my heart misgives me—my soul is loaded with some boding, my spirit is sick within me. Where have I come to? Who am I? Gods! Hapi, Amen! of the golden Egyptian past, Skogula, Mista of the Saxon hills and woods, grant that this be not some new mad chance—some other horrible lapse!" and near me there on the white stone, and bowed my head and dangled my apostolic heels against my will—the memorative marbles below, while gusts of alternate dread and indignation swept through the labyrinthine thickets of remembrance.

Presently these meditations were disturbed by some very different outward sensations. They came stealing over the consecrated pavements of that holy pile the sound of singing, and it did not sound like angelic harmony: it was rough, and jolly, and warbled and tripped about the columns with unseemly steps in most unseemly sprightliness. Surely never did St. Gregory pen such a rousing chorus as that," I thought to myself, as, with ears pricked, I listened to the dulcet harmonies. And now I knew the music came such a merry colour as that—'twas much more like cinnamon and nutmeg—and mace—'twas did censer—never did myrrh and galbanum smell so sweet much of burnt sack and roasted crab-apples as that—'twas unctuous, appetising taint.

I got down at once off my slab, and, being mightily hungry, as I then discovered, I followed up that trail like a sleuth-hound on a slot. He was no reverent, it did not suit my saintship, but I was down steps I went hot and hungry, and passed the crypt, and the curicula, and through the pulpit, and over and crossed the apse, and round the pulpit, and over shrine where the tapers dimly burnt I trotted through so, with the scent breast-high, I flitted through an open archway into the cloisters that were—the tripping heedlessly over the tessered slabs that—the down the dust of many a roystering abbas that—the latest hungry one of the countless jolly churchmen of time—followed down that jolly trail, my cassock linens tucked under my arm, jewelled mitre on head more accustomed to "a soldier wear, and crook carried, alas! like a hunter's spear," and in my other hand, till I brought the quest to a close along by the jamb a mellow streak of yellow light was streaming out, rich with those odours I had smelt and laden with laughter and the sound of wine-soaked voices noisy over the end, it might be, of what seemed a goodly supper. I advanced to the light, listened a moment, and then in my impetuous way pushed wide the panel and entered.

It was the refectory of the monastery, and a right noble hall wherein ostentation and piety struggled for dominion. Overhead the high pointed ceiling was a maze of cunningly wrought and carved woodwork, dark with time and harmonised with the assuming touches of age. Round by the dim walls right and left ran a corridor into the distance, and between crucifix and golden ewer; cunning saintly images, and noble-branching silver candlesticks gleamed in the

ELECTRICITY v. MEDICINE.—The following is a list of some of the ailments that we know have been effectually cured by simply wearing one of HARNESS' ELECTROPATHIC BELT APPLIANCES: Nervous Exhaustion, Neuralgia, Sleeplessness, Melancholia, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Constipation, Spasms, Flatulence, Torpid Liver, Nervous and Bilious Headaches, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, "Weak Back," Kidney Complaints, Hysteria, Internal Weakness, Poorness of Blood, Feeble Circulation, Heartburn, &c. This is not a rash statement, but an actual fact, which can be verified by referring to the book of testimonials published at 52, Oxford-street, London, W., by the proprietors, the MEDICAL BATTERY COMPANY, Limited. A copy will be sent free by post on application, with descriptive pamphlet, to all those who are unable to call at the Company's Establishment, which, by the way, is the largest and only complete Electro-Medical Institute in the world.—[ADVT.]

THE *Medical Annual* advises Practitioners to remember that when recommending Cocoa as a food and beverage for invalids, the name CADBURY on any packet of Cocoa is a guarantee of purity.—[ADVT.]

dusk against the ebony and polish of balustrade and
panelling. Under the heavy glow of all these things
the Brothers' bare wooden table extended in long
austere lines; but wooden platter and black leathern
jug was from the first deserted and empty.

Here a wider table was placed across the
breadth of the hall, and upon it all was sumptuous
magnificence. Silver and gold, and rare glasses
from cunning Italian moulds, enriched about with
enamels wherein were limned many an
ancient heathen fancy, shone and sparkled on that
board. On either side, in mighty candelabra,
flanked by superstition and fear, there twinkled
scented waxen candles, and up to the flames of
these, as I looked, many a costly dish un-
covered, and many a mellow brew beaded and
foaming to the very brim of those jewelled horns and
goblets that were chief accessories to that pleasant
revel.

They who sat here seemed, if a layman might
judge right well able to do justice to these things.
Of a dozen of them, jolly rosy priors and prelates,
I found that supper table, rubicund with wine
and feeling, and in the high carved chair, coif
thrown back from head, his round ruddy face aflush
with liquor, his fat red hand asprawl about his
platter, and his small eyes glazed and stupid in his
drunkenness, sat my friend the latest Abbot of
Shelton.

Much had been singing, and, as I entered, the last
stanza died away upon his lips, his round, close-
cropped head, overwhelmed with the wine he loved
so well, sank down upon the table, the red vintage
from the overturned beaker in a crimson streak,
and while his boon comrades laughed long and loud
at his drunken slept unmindful. It was at this very
moment that I entered, and stood there in my
dusty, travelling grimly upon those godless revellers. Jove!
it was a sight to see them blanch—to see the terror
come to eye to eye as each in turn caught sight of
the other's jolly jaws drop down, and watch
the deadly pallor sweeping like icy wind across their
countenances. So grim and silent did we face each
other in that stern moment that not a finger moved—
not a limb, I think, there beat in all their bodies,
and that mighty hall not a sound was heard save
the drip, drip of the Abbot's malmsey upon the floor
and his own husky snoring as he lay asleep amid the
debris of his swinish meal.

Then, inflexible, there by the black backing of the
great fireplace, frowned upon them—I, whom they only
knew as a saint dead three hundred years
before—I, whom lifeless they knew so well, now
returned upon their threshold, scowling scorn
and contempt from eyes where no life should have
been. Pale cheeks answering to coward consciences?
Aye, they were all on foot, and, like homing
rats in a cavern mouth, were scrambling and
fighting into the gloom of the opposite doorway.
Not that they escape, then, stalking over to the archway,
I drew the wicket to upon the heels of the last flyer,
and was glad to be rid of them, shot the bolt into the
socket and barred that entry.

Then I went back to my friend the Abbot, and,
standing before him, wondering whether it
were a duty to humanity to rid it of such a knave
as he slept there. But while I stood at his elbow
contemplating him, the unwonted silence told upon
his drunken faculties, and presently the heavy head
fell forward, and after an inarticulate murmur or two,
he smiled imbecilely, and, picking up the thread
of his revelry, hiccuped out: "The chorus, good
brothers!—the chorus—and all together!—

"We sinners but let us die drinking at an inn.
Oh! when angels flutter down to take us from our sin,
God have mercy on these sots!" the cherubs will
begin.

"Why, you rogues!" he said, as his drunken
eyes found no echo in the great hall—"why, you
lazy villains! am I a strolling troubadour that I
should sing the thing alone to you?" And then, as his
dazed eyes wandered round the empty
board, and he spilt wine and overturned trestles, he
muttered again with drunken cunning. "Ah!" he
thought that last round of sack would finish them!
"Ye comrades!—Ambrose! Des Voux! Jervaulx!
Ye to call yourselves good monks, and yet to
be thus simple, kindly Prior thus to himself!"
And he pulled up the table linen and peered below.
Then he glanced up among the oaken rafters, as
though he had a chance his fellows had flown thither, and
finally stared at the empty places, and so his gaze
wandered round, until, in a minute or two, it had
made the complete circle of the place, and finally
rested on me, standing, immovable, a pace from his
chair.

At first he stared upon me with vapid amusement,
and then with stupid wonder. But 'twas not more
than a second or two before the truth dawned upon
his hazy intellect, and then I saw the thick short
neck darken upon the carving of his priestly throne,
and the fine flesh pale upon his cheeks, and the
drunken light in his eyes give place to the glare of
horror and consternation. Just as they had done
in Bench, and with infinite more intensity, he
seemed to shrivel and withered before my unrelenting gaze,
and from a moment before my grim, imperious
presence, from a jolly, rubicund old bibber, rosy and
round-cheeked with his supper, into a cadaverous,
long-nosed confessor, lantern-jawed and yellow—
with a hideous cry he was on foot and
rushing by me for the doorway by which his friends had
fled; but I had need of that good confessor, and
as he could stagger a yard the golden apostolic
cloak was about the ankle of the errant sheep, and
he fell flop of St. Olaf's rolled over headlong upon the
floor.

I sat down to supper, and as I helped myself to
a flagon of Malvoisie and malmsey I heard the beads running
through Brother Abbot's fingers quicker than
ever, and from a spout after a summer thunder
shower, "Misericordia Domine nobis!" murmured
the old sinner, and I let him grovel and pray in his
own panic for a time, then bade him rise. Now,
the issue of this command was somewhat marred,
for his mouth was very full just then of pastie
and malmsey, and the accents appeared to carry less con-
viction into my friend's heart than I had in-
tended. The paternoster began to run with more
coherence, and, soon finding he was not
to plunge him, he plucked up a little heart of grace.
Besides, the avenger was at supper, and making
mighty inroads into the provender the Abbot loved
so well: this took off the rough edge of terror, and
was in itself so curious a phenomenon that little
by little, with the utmost circumspection, the monk
raised his head and looked at me. I kept my baleful
eyes turned away, and busied me with my loaded
platter—which, by the way, was far the more
interesting item of the two—and so by degrees he
gained confidence, and came into a sitting position,
and gazed at the hungry saint, so active with the
victuals, wonder and awe playing across his count-
enance. "I see, Sir Priest," I said, "you have a
good cook yonder in the buttery," but the Abbot was
as yet too dazed to answer, so I went on to put him
more at his ease (for I designed to ask him some
questions later on); "now, where I come from, the
great fault of the cooks is, they appreciate none of
your Norman niceties—they broil and roast for ever,
as though everyone had a hunter appetite, and thus
I have often been weary of their eternal messes of
pork and kine."

"Holy saints!" quoth the Abbot. "I did not
dream you had any cooks at all."

"No cooks? Thou fat wine-vat! what? didst thou
think we ate our viands raw?"

"Heaven forbid!" the Abbot gasped. "But, truly,
your sanctity's experiences astound me! 'Tis all
against the canons. And if they be thus, as you
say, at their trenchers, may I ask, in all humbleness
and humility, how your blessed friends are at their
flagons?"

"Ah! Sir, good fellows enough, my jolly comrades,
but caring little for thy red and purple vintages,
liking better the merry ale that autumn sends, and
the honeyed mead, yet in their way as merry roysterers
for the most part as though they were all Norman
Abbots," I said, glancing askance at him.

By this time the Prior was on his feet, as sober as
could be, but apparently infinitely surprised and
perplexed at what he saw and heard. He cogitated,
and then he diffidently asked: "An it were not too
presumptive, might I ask if your saintship knows
the blessed Oswald?"

"Not I."

"Nor yet the holy Sewall de Monteign?" he
queried, with a sigh—"once head of those halls and
cells."

"Never heard of him in my life."

"Nor yet of Grindal? or Gerard of Bayeux? or
the saintly Anselm, my predecessor in that chair
you fill?" groaned the jolly confessor.

"I tell you, priest, I know none of them—never
heard their names or aught of them till now."

"Alas! alas!" quoth the monk, "then if none of
these have won to heaven, if none of these are known
to thee so newly thence, there can be but small hope
for me!" And his fat round chin sank upon his
ample chest, and he heaved a sigh that set the
candles all a-flickering halfway down the table.

"Why, priest, what art thou talking of?—
Paradise and long-dead saints? 'Twas of the
Saxons—Harold's Saxons—my jolly comrades and
allies in arms when last in life, I spoke."

"Ho! ho! Was that so? Why, I thought thou
wert talking of things celestial all this while, though,
in truth, thy speech sorted astounding ill with all I
had heard before!"

"I think, Father," I responded, "there is more
burnt sack under thy ample girdle than wit beneath
thy cowl. But never mind, we will not quarrel. Sit
down, fill you tankard (for dryness will not, I fancy,
improve thy eloquence), and tell me soberly some-
thing of this nap of mine."

"Ah, but, Sir, I was never very good at such
studious work," the monk replied, seating himself
with uneasy obedience: "if I might but fetch in our
Clerk—though, in truth, I cannot imagine why and
whither he has gone—he is one who has by heart the
things thou wouldst know."

"Stir a foot, priest," I said with feigned anger,
"and thou art but a dead Abbot! Tell me so much
as your muddled brain can recall. Now, when I
supped here before that yellow-skinned Norman
William sat upon the English throne"——

"Saints in Paradise! what? he who routed Harold,
and founded yonder abbey of Battle—impossible!"

"What? dost thou bandy thy 'impossible' with
me? Slave, if thou cast again but one atom of doubt,
one single iota of thy heretic criticism here, thou shalt
go thyself to perdition and seek Sewall de Monteign
and Gerard of Bayeux!" and I laid my hand upon
my crook.

"Misericordia! misericordia!" stammered the
Abbot. "I meant no ill whatever, but the extent
of thy Holiness's astounding abstinence overwhelmed
me."

"Why, then, to your story. But I am foolish to
ask. You cannot, you dare not, tell me again that
lie of thy acolyte, that three hundred years have
passed since then. Look up, say 'twas false, and
that single word shall unburden here," and I struck
my breast, "a soul of a load of dread and fear heavier
than ever was lifted by priestly absolution before."

But still he hung his face, and I heard him mutter
that fifty white-boned Abbots lay in the cloisters,
heel to head, and the first one was a kinsman of
William's, and the last was his own predecessor.

"Then, if thou darest not answer this question,
who reigns above us now? Has the Norman star
set, as I once hoped it might, behind the red cloud
of rebellion? or does it still shine to the shame of all
Saxons?"

"Sir Saint," answered the monk, with a little
touch of the courage and pride of his race gleaming
for a moment through his drunken humility, "re-
bellion never scared the Norman power—so much I
know for certain, and Saxon and Norman are one
by the grace of God, linked in brotherhood under
the noble Edward. Expurgate thy divergences:
erase 'invaders and invaded' from thy memory, and
drink as I drink—if, indeed, all this be news to
thee—for the first time to 'England and the
English'!"

"Waes hael, Sir Monk!—'England and the
English!'"

"Drink hael, good saint!" he answered, giving
me the right acceptance of my flagon challenge,
"and I do hereby receive thee most paternally into
the national fold! Nevertheless, thou art the most
perplexing martyr that ever honoured this holy
fane"—and he raised the great silver cup to his lips
and took a mighty pull. Then he gazed reflectively
for a moment into the capacious measure, as though
the pageantry of history were passing across the
shining bottom in fantastic sequence, and looked up
and said—"Most wonderful—most wonderful!
Why, then, you know nothing of William the Red?"

"The William I knew was red enough in the
hands."

"Ah! but the other one who followed him was
red on the head as well, and an Anselm was Arch-
bishop while he reigned."

"Well, and who came next in thy preposterous
tale?"

"Henry Plantagenet—unless all this sack confuses
my memory—I have told thee, good saint, I am
better at mass and breviar than at missals and
scroll."

"And better, no doubt, than either at thy cellar
score-book, priest! But what befell your Henry?"

"Frankly, I am not very certain; but he died
eventually."

"'Tis the wont of Kings no less than of lesser
folk. Pass me yon bread platter, and fill thy flagon.
So much history, I see, makes thee husky and sad!"

"Well, then came Stephen de Blois, the son of
Adeliza, who was daughter to the Conqueror."

"Forsworn priest!" I exclaimed at that familiar
name, leaping to my feet and swinging the great gold
flail into the air, "that is a falser lie than any yet.
The noble Adeliza was troth to Harold and had no
children; unsay it, or"——and here the crook poised
ominously over the shrieking Abbot's head.

"I lied! I lied!" yelled the monk, cowering under
the swing of my weapon like a partridge beneath a
falcon's circlings, and then, as the crook was thrown
down on the table again, he added: "'Twas Adela, I
meant; but what it should matter to thee whether it
were Adeliza or Adela passes my comprehension,"
and the monk smoothed out his ruffled feathers.

"Proceed! It is not for thee to question. Wrought
Stephen anything more notable to thy mind than
Henry?"

"Well, Sir, I recall, now thou puttest me to it,
that he laid rough hands upon the sacred persons of
our Bishops once or twice, yet was he much indebted
to them. Di...t ever draw sword in a good quarrel,
Sir Saint?"

"Didst ever put thy fingers into a venison pastie,
Sir Priest? Because, if thou hast, as often, and
oftener, have I done according to thy supposition."

"Why, then, I wonder you lay still upon yonder
white marble slab while all the northern Bishops
were up in arms for Stephen, and on bloody North-
allerton Moor broke the power of the cruel Northmen
for ever. That day, Sir, the sacred flags of St.
Cuthbert of Durham, St. Peter of York, St. John of
Beverley, St. Wilfrid of Ripon, not to mention the
holy Thurstan's ruddy pennon, led the van of battle.
'Tis all set out in a pretty scroll that we have over
the priory fireplace, else, as you will doubtless guess,
I had never remembered so much of detail."

"Anyhow, it is well recalled. Who came next?"

"Another Henry, and he made the saintly Thomas
Becket Archbishop in the year of grace 1162, and
afterwards the holy prelate was gathered to bliss."

"Thy history is mostly exits and entries, but
perhaps it is none the less accurate for all that. And
now thou wilt say this Henry was no more lasting
than his kinsman—he too died."

"Completely and wholly, Sir, so that the burly
Richard Cœur de Lion reigned in his stead; and then
came John, who was at best but a wayward vassal of
St. Peter's Chair."

"Down with him, jolly Abbot! And mount another
on the shaky throne of thy fantastic narrative. I am
weary of the succession already, and since we have
come so far away from where I thought we were I
care for no great niceties of detail. Put thy Sovereigns
to the amble, make them trot across the stage of thy
hazy recollection, or thou wilt be asleep before thou
canst stall and stable half of them."

"Well, then, a Henry came after John, and an
Edward followed him—then another of the name—
and then a third—that noble Edward in whose sway
the realm now is, and in whom (save some certain
exactions of rent and taxes) Mother Church perceives
a glorious and a warlike son. But it is a long muster
roll from the time of thy Norman monarch to this
year of grace 1346."

"A long roll!" I muttered to myself, turning
away from my empty plate—"horrible, immense, and
vast! Good Lord! what shadows are these men who
come and go like this! Wonderful and dreadful!
that all those tinselled puppets of history—those
throbbing epitomes of passion and godlike hopes—
should have budded, and decayed, and passed out
into the void, finding only their being, to my mind,
in the shallow vehicle of this base Churchman's wine-
vault breath. Dreadful, quaint, abominable! to
think that all these flickering human things have
paced across the sunny white screen of life—like the
coloured fantasies yonder stained windows threw
upon my sleeping eyes—and yet I only but wake
hungry and empty, unchanged, unmindful, care-
less!—Priest!" I said aloud, so sudden and fiercely
that the monk leapt to his feet with a startled cry
from the drunken sleep into which he had fallen—
"priest! dost fear the fires of thy purgatory?"

"Ah, glorious miracle! but—but surely thou
wouldst not"——

"Why, then, answer me truly, swear by that
great crucified form there shining in the taper light
above thy throne, swear by Him to whom thou
nightly offerest the hyssop incense of thy beastly
excesses—swear, I say!"

"I do—I do!" exclaimed St. Olaf's priest in
extravagant terror, as I towered before him with all
my old Phrygian fire emphasised by the sanctity of
my extraordinary repute. "I swear!" he said: but,
seeing me hesitate, he added, "What wouldst thou
of thy poor, unworthy servant?"

'Twas not so easy to answer him, and I hung my
head for a moment; then said: "When I died—in
the Norman time, thou rememberest—there was a
woman here, and two sunny little ones, blue in the
eyes and comely to look upon—— There, shut thy
stupid mouth, and look not so astounded! I tell
thee they were here—here, in St. Olaf's Hall—here,
at this very high table between me and St. Olaf's
Abbot—three tender flowers, old man, set in the
black framing of a hundred of thy corded wondering
Brotherhood. Now, tell me—tell me the very simple
truth—is there such a woman here, tall and fair, and
melancholy gracious? Are there such babes in thy
cloisters or cells?"

"It is against the canons of our order."

"A malison on thee and thy order! Is there,
then, no effigy in yon chancel, no tablet, no record of
her—I mean of that noble lady and those comely
little ones?"

"I know of none, Sir Saint."

"Think again. She was a franklin, she had wide
lands; she reverenced thy Church, and in her grief,
being woman, she would turn devout. Surely she
built some shrine, or made thee a portico, or blazoned
a window to shame rough Fate with the evidence of
her gentleness?"

"There is none such in St. Olaf's. But, now thou
speakest of shrines, I do remember one some hours'
ride from here; unroofed and rotten, but, neverthe-
less, such as you suggest, and in it there is a cenotaph
and a woman laid out straight. She is cracked across
the middle and mossy, and there be two small kneel-
ing figures by her head, but I never looked nicely to
determine whether they were blessed cherubim or
but common children. The shepherds who keep
their flocks there and shelter from the showers under
the crumbling walls call the place Voewood."

"Enough, priest!" I said, as I paced hither and
thither across the hall in gloomy grief, and then
taking my hasty resolution I turned to him sternly—
"Make what capital thou list of to-night's adventure,
but remember, the next time thou seest a saint may
Heaven pity thee if thou art not in better sort! Turn
thy face to the wall!"

The frightened Abbot obeyed; I shed in a white
heap upon the floor my saintly vestments, my mitre
and crook on top, and then, stepping lightly down
the hall, mounted upon a bench, unfastened and
threw open a lattice, and, placing my foot upon the
sill, sprang out into the night and open world again!

I walked and ran until the day came, southwards
constantly, now and again asking my way of an
astonished hind, but for the most part guided by
some strange instinct, and before the following noon
I was at my old Saxon homestead.

But could it be Voewood? Not a vestige of a
house anywhere in the wide grassy glade where
Voewood stood, not a sign of life, not a sound to
break the stillness! Near by there ran a little brook,
and against it, just as the monk had said, were the
four grey walls of a lonely roofless shrine. Over the
shrine, on the very spot where Voewood stood—alas!
alas!—was a long grassy knoll, crowned with
hawthorns and little flowers shining in the sunlight.
I went into the ruined chapel, and there, stained
and lichened and broken, in the thorny embrace of
the brambles, lay the marble figure of my sweet Saxon
wife, and by the pillow—green-velveted with the
tapestry of nature—knelt her little ones on either side.
I dropped upon my knee and buried my face in her
crumbling bosom and wept. What mattered the
eclipse while I slept of all those kingly planets that
had shone in the English firmament compared to the
setting of this one white star of mine? I rushed out-
side to the mound that hid the forgotten foundations
of my home, and, as the passion swept up and en-
gulfed my heart, I buried my head in my arms and
hurled myself upon the ground, and cursed that tender
green moss that should have been so hard—cursed
that golden English sunlight that suited so ill with
my sorrows—and cursed again and again in my
bitterness those lying blossoms overhead that showered
down their petals on me, saying it was spring, when it
was the blackest winter of desolation, the night-time
of my disappointment.

(To be continued.)

EVERYTHING PROVIDED FOR.

American Hotel Guest: "I'm glad there's a rope here in case of fire; but what is the idea of putting a Bible in the room in such a prominent position?"

Bell Boy: "Dat am intended foh use, Sah, in case the fire am too far advanced foh you to make yoh escape, Sah."

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

THE QUEEN has been entertaining a succession of guests at Windsor Castle, Lord Hartington and Mr. W. H. Smith being among the last in November. The Princess of Wales's birthday, Dec. 1, was spent with the Prince and family at Sandringham. "Many, many happy returns of the day!"

The great snowfall of Thursday and Friday, Nov. 27 and 28, afforded a *P.I.P.* Artist an opportunity to depict White London. Hence our front-page Illustration. How picturesque Riverside London looks in snowtime is well indicated by his sketch of the Victoria Embankment, which makes so fine a promenade when the weather is dry. While pigeons are plucked within the Law Courts, it will be observed that pigeons are considerately fed outside. Well, the lawyers ought to make some amends for fleecing the public! In another corner the hardy bathers are portrayed indulging in their morning "dip," heedless of the ice on the Serpentine in Hyde Park. An effective way of cleansing the streets from snow-mud (which deluges the Strand on occasion) is also shown, together with the snow-plough at work in a railway cutting near Shornclife.

The ten-year-old Queen of Holland (says "Atlas" in the *World*) is by no means unlike her aunt, the Duchess of Albany. She has been brought up in the simplest possible manner, under the direct personal superintendence of her mother, Queen Emma, assisted by a professor and an English governess, Miss Winter. She has always been accustomed to play with the children of her late father's humbler neighbours, and was never so happy as when entertaining her little friends *sans façon* at the Loo.

Mr. Parnell's manifesto to the Irish people, with its supposed disclosure of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule scheme, was followed by a detailed denial by the ex-Premier and Mr. Morley. The Irish members, affected by the threatened break-up of the alliance between English Liberals and themselves, have many of them reconsidered the desirability of Mr. Parnell retaining the chairmanship of their party.

The suit for divorce brought by Lady Connemara was tried by Sir J. Hannen last week. Lord Connemara, who was formerly the Hon. Robert Bourke, and a member of the Conservative Administration, offered no defence, and her Ladyship gave evidence as to the intimacy of her husband, when Governor of Madras, with a servant whom they took out to India, and as to other matters, which the Judge accepted as sufficient, in the absence of contradiction, to establish the charge of cruelty. His Lordship made a decree nisi for a divorce.

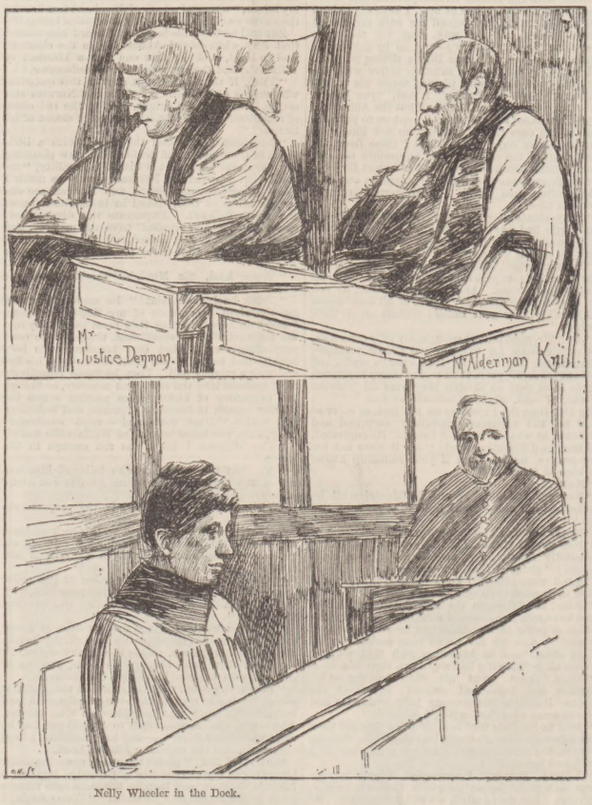
The trial of Mary Eleanor Wheeler, alias Pearcey, for the murder of Mrs. Hogg and her infant daughter, commenced last Monday at the Central Criminal Court. Judge and prisoner are sketched by a *P.I.P.* Artist. Mr. Forrest Fulton opened the case for the Crown. He referred to the intimacy which had long existed between the prisoner and the husband of the murdered woman, and read several letters in proof of it, while one of the letters indicated (counsel claimed, though Mr. Hogg denied it) that Mr. Hogg was contemplating suicide. After narrating the circumstances preceding the murder, and suggesting that the prisoner might have struck Mrs. Hogg with a poker, and then severed her head from the body, at 7, Priory-street, the learned counsel called witnesses for the prosecution. Among them were John C. Pearcey, who for some time had lived with the prisoner; Martha Styles, sister of the deceased woman; Frank S. Hogg, her husband, who underwent a lengthy examination and cross-examination; Clara Hogg, his sister; and Sarah Butler, who lived at the house where the murder of the woman is supposed to have taken place. When Eleanor Wheeler entered the dock on Tuesday she presented the same imperturbability of countenance as before. Her head was uncovered, and her brown hair rolled upwards from the narrow forehead. She wore the brown cloak, as before, and her hands were not gloved. As the network of evidence was drawn skilfully round her (thanks to the remarkable promptitude and acumen shown throughout by the Police), it was impossible to remain in doubt as to the fate of Mrs. Pearcey.

Benevolent ladies who have the welfare of their sex at heart should start an agency for governesses and young girls generally. A well-conducted agency of this kind would save many girls from the disgrace and perils which an estimable young English lady narrowly escaped recently in Paris. Her pitiful case was heard at the Old Bailey last Saturday, and may serve as a warning to others just beginning life. The Frenchwoman Eugénie Rouiller was tried, on the charge of having conspired to decoy Miss Nellie Basket out of this country for an immoral purpose. A fair girl of prepossessing appearance, just over nineteen, neatly dressed in fawn jacket and dark dress, Miss Basket related how she was taken to Paris as "companion" by the prisoner, how Mr. "Wilson" called at their hotel and took them both out to dinner, and how the prisoner insidiously sought, but sought in vain, to persuade her to yield to the immoral overtures of "Wilson." Eugénie Rouiller was found guilty and recommended to mercy, but on the application of Mr. C. Mathews, who prosecuted, sentence was postponed, to enable her, if she chose, to give information to the authorities as to other cases.

Brixton is looking up. Peall, the great billiard-player, lives in this salubrious suburb. Brixton also boasts a clever young musical composer in Mr. Stephen R. Philpot, who will on the 17th inst. produce at the Gresham Hall, Gresham-road, his melodious new opera, "Zelica," adapted by himself from Moore's "Lalla Rookh." I cordially wish success to "Zelica." Mr. Ben Davies and Miss Anna Williams will sing in it; and there will be a band and chorus of 150 performers.

LIVER COMPLAINTS.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[ADVT.]

EYELASHES.—Wonderful preparation, discovered by a theatrical lady. Forces the growth. 1s. 6d., 3s. per bottle. Miss L. MISKA. 150, Stockwell-road, London.—[ADVT.]



Nelly Wheeler in the Dock.

TRIAL OF MRS. PEARCEY (NELLY WHEELER) AT THE OLD BAILEY FOR THE MURDER OF MRS. HOGG.

TRIAL OF EUGÉNIE ROUILLER AT THE OLD BAILEY

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOUR,
ASK YOUR NEIGHBOUR,
ASK YOUR NEIGHBOUR,

ASK YOUR CHEMIST,
ASK YOUR CHEMIST,
ASK YOUR CHEMIST,
ASK YOUR CHEMIST,

ASK ANYBODY,
ASK ANYBODY,
ASK ANYBODY,

EVEN A POLICEMAN,
EVEN A POLICEMAN,
EVEN A POLICEMAN,
EVEN A POLICEMAN,

THEY WILL TELL YOU
THEY WILL TELL YOU
THEY WILL TELL YOU

ST. JACOBS OIL
ST. JACOBS OIL
ST. JACOBS OIL

CURES RHEUMATISM.
CURES RHEUMATISM.
CURES RHEUMATISM.
CURES RHEUMATISM.

ST. JACOBS OIL
ST. JACOBS OIL
ST. JACOBS OIL

CURES NEURALGIA.
CURES NEURALGIA.
CURES NEURALGIA.
CURES NEURALGIA.

ST. JACOBS OIL
ST. JACOBS OIL
ST. JACOBS OIL

CURES ACHES AND PAINS.
CURES ACHES AND PAINS.
CURES ACHES AND PAINS.
CURES ACHES AND PAINS.

ST. JACOBS OIL
ST. JACOBS OIL
ST. JACOBS OIL

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THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The Oxford Trial Eights,

which were rowed at Moulsford on Saturday, afforded one very much of last year's race at the same place, for the climatic conditions were very much the same. Last year the weather was, if anything, more severe, there being more snow and some frost; the form shown in the race must have given great satisfaction to the Dark Blues, for they clearly have a number of good, heavy men from whom to fill the vacancies in next year's University eight, of which there will probably be four. Unless Cambridge can unearth some talent on Dec. 13, when they row their trial eights, the chances of Oxford at Putney next year look very rosy, even at this distance of time.

It is no long since we had a good boat-race between Englishmen that the

Pair-oared Race

that has just been ratified between East and Driver on the one part and Corcoran and mate on the other will create some interest. It may, perhaps, be regarded as one of the outcomes of the revived National Regatta, in which East took a prominent part.

The weather was very much more unfavourable for football in the South than in the North on Saturday last. I did see some reckless youths indulging in the Association game in the snow, and thought it a very good proceeding on the hard ground, but all the matches were put off in the South. The chief Association match,

Oxford and Cambridge v. London,

would have been postponed in any case, the cause being the death of H. M. Walters, of the Casuals. This player was injured by an opponent's knee in a match on Nov. 12, and he succumbed on the 27th to peritonitis. It is a fact that many of the serious accidents sustained at the Association game are caused in this way, which is very distinct foul play, be it intentional or accidental. It is now too late to speak for saving one valuable life, but it is to be hoped that the sad accident may act as a warning to players to take more care. It is, of course, hardly likely that the deceased player's redoubtable brothers will be seen in the football field again this season, if at all.

Preston North End were beaten by the Wolverhampton Wanderers, at Wolverhampton, after a very hard but not to say fierce, game, by two goals to none: Everton beat the Blackburn Rovers by three goals to one, in the presence of a crowd of some 17,000 people, the match taking place at Everton. The Notts County gained a very easy victory over Aston Villa by seven goals to one, which is surprising after the good form the Villa has lately been showing. Sheffield United's defeat of West Bromwich Albion by four goals to three was certainly a surprise.

The match of the week was unquestionably the Rugby county match between

Yorkshire and Lancashire.

The splendid form shown by the crack Yorkshire club, Bradford, warranted the expectation that they would win. The attitude which Yorkshire has taken up not to win her many friends, and it was hoped that she would be brought to feel her position by the result of this match. That Lancashire would achieve an easy victory she did was, however, far from being anticipated. But, then, no one could foretell that Yorkshire would lose her full back, Mawson, ten minutes after the start, owing to a broken collar-bone; and this, of course, put the wearers of the white rose at a very great disadvantage, they having only fourteen men for the rest of the match. There were fifteen thousand people at Whalley Range, Manchester, and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed, as much after point was made by the Lancastrians. The result was a win for Lancashire by two goals and a try to a try. This makes Lancashire champion county of the north.

The South London Harriers—

a very energetic athletic club, who have earned for themselves the nickname of the "Irrepressibles"—held their annual general meeting, which disclosed a very satisfactory state of affairs. The incident which struck me most was the debate that ensued upon the proposition to do away with the club from the continuance of the *Gazette* is regarded as the continuance of the periodical, though it cost the club over £40 a year. A well-edited club journal, and within proper bounds, is a thing to be envied, such a London Bicycle Club is one of the few indulging in such a luxury, and, although the expense is considerable, the continuance of the *Gazette* is regarded as a part of the club constitution. It would be well if there were more of such club gazettes, for, in their absence far too many private club matters appear in the columns of public papers, which is not at all to the advantage of athletics.

This reminds me of a somewhat ambitious venture in this line by the Orion Gymnastic Club, which has hitherto been a very commendable step of starting a monthly paper devoted entirely to gymnastics. It is called the

"Gymnast,"

and deals with the subject in hand in a very able manner. I have been particularly struck with the papers on

Physical Strength

by A. Barnard, this writer emphasising the advantages of systematic physical training. This paper is one which should be supported on all hands. Its price is exceedingly healthy, and its sphere so marked, that it would be a great pity were the publication to cease for want of proper support. The gymnastic movement is spreading, and may some day become universal, as it certainly should be.

The chief gymnastic event of the year, the German Gymnastic Society's competition, takes place on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in next week, I hope the hall at King's Cross will be crowded.

It is to be hoped that the American named Brodie whose specialty is jumping off bridges will be allowed to remain without a challenge, for nothing could be more senseless than this practice. Brodie is supposed to have descended Niagara, but freedom from suffocation is still one of the prerogatives of Britons. I notice that some one is goading Brodie on to leap from the Forth Bridge.

BANSHEE.

Lost Vitality Restored.—The Mexican Life Pills, 1s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per box. Guaranteed to cure all functional disorders.—Haynes and Co., Wednesbury.—[Advt.]

CYCLE & CAMERA

THE COMING STANLEY SHOW.

A Derby inventor has written to ask me about the expense of exhibiting at the Stanley Show, to which he wants to send a machine fitted with his new invention. It is evident from this that the cycling papers, with their elaborate announcements of the coming show, do not reach all of a class most particularly interested. In case some of my readers are still in need of the information, let me repeat that entry-forms and all particulars can be obtained from the Secretary, Mr. J. Dring, 57, Chancery-lane, W.C.

Let me add that reduction in the charges for space is one of the special features of this year's reformed programme. Here are some of the figures (I have mislaid my circular, and quote from *Wheeling* for Nov. 19): "Bicycles, at 10s. each; single tricycles or tandem bicycles, at 12s. 6d. each; sociable, tandem, or carrier tricycles, at 15s.; juvenile tricycles or bicycles, at 7s. 6d.; stall frontage, from 5s. per foot frontage, and space for office at 20s. (6 ft. by 6 ft.)" Report says that the large makers are decidedly regretting the step which they took last year, and would be very glad to be released from their contract not to exhibit in '91.

I see by an advertisement in my last copy of the *American Athlete* that a company of Western manufacturers are making a new safety bicycle, called the Eclipse, of *aluminium bronze*. But, though they give price and dimensions and all sorts of other details, they say nothing about weight, and this is really the most important point in their experiment. It is rather an unfortunate oversight on their part.

Cyclists whose machines, fitted with the solid tyre, are in too good condition to be set aside or sold at secondhand in order to make way for the new cushion or pneumatic will be relieved to hear that Messrs. G. and P. Hookham have invented a cushion tyre which, by their spring-wire contrivance, can be fitted to rims made to carry solid tyres. But the Stanley Show is so near now that it is just as well, this wintry weather, to wait to see what is to be seen there before making any change in machine or tyre. Already one leading manufacturer, just when the solid tyre seemed bound to go for evermore, has given it a good word which may yet reinstate it in favour. By the way, this tyre question is also well to the fore in America.

All who are interested in the waiting and pace-making question should turn to the *Cyclist*, which has been publishing a series of papers on the subject by Dr. E. B. Turner. "The Physiology of Waiting and Pacemaking in Speed Competitions, having special reference to Cycle Racing," is the very impressive title, and the articles are altogether too physiological and learned for me to attempt to summarise them here. I must refer racing readers to the *Cyclist*.

Dr. Turner has lately called a meeting of racing men to establish a "Cycle Racing Association," and he and F. P. Wood and W. C. Goulding were appointed a sub-committee to draft rules. The object of the association is apparently to stop loafing, and to inform the general outside public, presumed to be wholly ignorant, what Dr. Turner and his friends think good racing ought to be. It remains to be seen whether this public can be taught to appreciate very scientific racing, in which there is no real excitement. Of course, if the public saw only the final, as at the Derby, it might be all very well. But whether people will be willing to pay good shillings to look on at head work is another question. The public likes leg work. The more passing and repassing and smashing up, the better it is pleased, for at most tracks the race can be followed all the way round. If Dr. Turner and his baker's dozen of friends think they are strong enough to hire grounds for their own amusement, very well. But it is doubtful whether they will ever educate the public to enjoy scientific racing—that is, racing in which there is no appearance of go and life.

Colonel Savile's hard work for the C.T.C. has not interfered with his always active interest in military cycling. He goes to Edinburgh before very long to lecture on the subject, upon which there is no better authority. Military cycling also figures in *Outing* for December, which contains an article on the subject.

Members of the C.T.C. must not forget that election papers are out with the December *Gazette*, and that the future policy and success of the club depends very much on these elections.—N. C. U.

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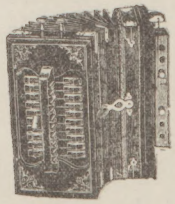

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The Editor of the London *Weekly Times* says:—"THE MELODEON.—No instrument invented of late can equal in power and sweetness the Melodeon. In external appearance it is a work of art, and in mechanism—for simplicity of handling and for purity and variety of note—there is no instrument with which it can be compared."

100,000 TESTIMONIALS. 100,000.

Important Testimonial from Professor Brown, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the finest instruments that have ever come under my touch, and only require a trial to advertise themselves." Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the only genuine Melodeons in the market. Beware of worthless imitations.

"275, Rotherhithe New-road, London, 1890.

"Dear Sirs,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of the 'Gem' Melodeon at 6s. 6d., with which instrument I am highly pleased; indeed, I can assure you an instrument with such a splendid tone cannot be had in London for any money. I will have pleasure in recommending the 'Gem' to all my friends.—I remain, yours truly, "Alfred Smith."

"1, St. Brelade's, High Park, Ryde, I. of W., 1890.

"Sirs,—Having this day received the 10s. 'Miniature' Melodeon I ordered from you, must say I am delighted with it, as it is the sweetest tone I have ever played upon, and shall recommend it to all my friends.—I remain, Sirs, yours truly, "C. E. Mead."

"1, Jubilee-terrace, Lansdown-road, Forest-gate, London, 1890.

"Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of your beautiful 'Favourite' Melodeon, price 16s. 6d. I am very much pleased with its splendid tone, and heartily recommend it to all who require a convenient instrument for gospel open-air meetings.—Yours truly, S. Bradford.

"For the Upton Park Christian Band."

"44, Railway-street, Sunderland, 1890.

"Messrs. Campbell and Co.

"Gentlemen,—I beg to inform you that I have received the 'Favourite' Melodeon safe and sound by this morning's post, and must say that I am highly pleased with it. It is a marvel of beauty and finish, and I can with confidence recommend it to any of my friends. Thanking you for your prompt attention, I remain, yours respectfully, "Thomas Lindsley."

N.B.—All lovers of music should at once send for our New Illustrated Privilege Price List for Season 1890-91; now ready. One Hundred Thousand of these Valuable Lists sent out yearly. Send One Penny Stamp to

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKERS,
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(Established Fifty Years).

Also the Largest Assortment in the Kingdom of Violins, Guitars, and Banjoes; Flutes, Clarionets, Flageolets, Concertinas, Accordeons, and Flutinas; Cornets and Brass Band Instruments; Drums, Organ-Accordeons, Musical Boxes, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

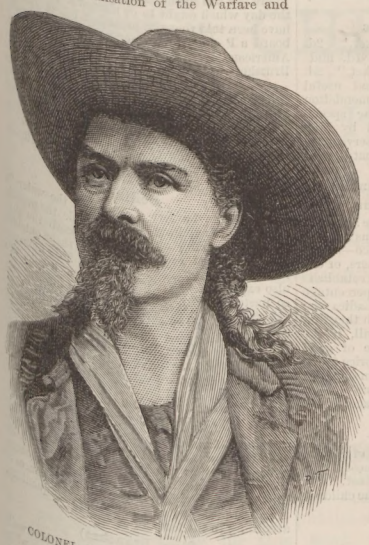
PRACTICAL BRASS INSTRUMENT MAKERS AND REPAIRERS.
VIOLIN MAKERS AND REPAIRERS.

GREAT BRITAIN PROVIDES FOR SHIPWRECKED SAILORS: A LIFE-LINE FROM THE SHORE IN STORMY WEATHER.

THE INDIAN RISING.

"BUFFALO BILL" TO THE FRONT.

Since "All London," headed by the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, flocked to the American Exhibition in West London to witness Colonel Cody's realisation of the Warfare and



COLONEL CODY ("BUFFALO BILL"), SENT TO SUPPRESS THE "INJIN" RISING.

Camp-life of the "Wild West," long-haired "Buffalo Bill" has been welcomed in many other cities. He has now been dispatched by the United States Government to quell the Indian Revolt which has broken out, and to prove anew his skill, valour, and resource in an actual campaign. We cordially wish him success, and have no doubt he will combine mercy with firmness.

The Pahute Indians of North America.

Our Illustrations are from photographs of a group of Indians of the Pahute tribe, from which race, of aboriginals in North America the "Messiah," or Mahdi, who has been stirring up the Sioux, Crows, Cheyennes, and other nations is reported to have come.

The Pahute Indians are found west of Utah and the Rocky Mountains. Large tribes are confined on Government Reservations, while small, isolated tribes are to be found scattered over Nevada and California.

One of these tribes, numbering between two and three hundred persons, is located in

Saline Valley,

Inyo County, California, which is a valley on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, eighteen miles long and twelve miles wide, surrounded with mountainous hills, in some places bared and arid, while in the cañons, in which streams of water come tumbling down, are found the pine and other species of trees bearing nuts, together with an undergrowth yielding berries, on which the Indians subsist.

The plain itself in which the Indians are encamped is in some parts covered with low timber, and this skirts the hills, while a considerable portion is covered over with a peculiar salt called borax.

The Pahute Indians are expert in basket-work, with which they

Build their Wigwams,

using the long slender branches of the mesquit wood, but more frequently than not they simply roll themselves in their blankets without any further protection when tired and sleepy, laying to rest on the bare ground. Notwithstanding their lives of hardihood, a curious custom exists among them, which undoubtedly has its origin in Turkey in Asia, the oldest inhabited portion of the globe. This is

The Turkish Bath.

Ruins of "Hammams," or such baths, are to be seen to-day in Asia Minor, showing the necessity from the earliest days of such institutions.

The Redskin must have his bath too, but he calls it

A "Sweat-House."

The "sweat-house" is attached to the camp, and is a structure built of stones and earth about eight feet in diameter, and five or six feet high, provided with a door and a small opening in the roof. The sick Indian, having provided himself with a supply of dried wood, enters the "sweat-house," and, having closed the door securely, makes a fire, and remains within until in a state of profuse perspiration. He then takes a plunge into a pool of cold spring water conveniently near, from which he emerges, if not restored to health, at least in better condition. The tribe in question is

Governed by a Chief,

to whom all questions and disputes are submitted; but his rule may be taken to be rather lax. In January of this year his son was taken sick, and the medicine-man prescribed some horrid decoction that did him no good; in fact, it aggravated his complaint, so the youth, who was only a boy of sixteen, vowed that when he got better he would get level with him. He did recover, and, taking his bow and arrows, he shot the medicine-man dead.

The intense desire among the younger men or bucks for scalps is their ruling passion, and is at the root of these Indian risings.

In Taking the Scalps

of their fallen foe or conquered enemy, the brave only removes a piece of the skin, about the size of half a crown, with one long tress of hair attached to it. The scalps are worn attached to a belt made of buck-skin, ornamented with beads, the hair forming a fringe around the waist.

Equally strong is their enjoyment of torture. The refinement to which this is carried by the aid of the "Devil's pincushion" is a method long practised by the Pahutes, Apaches, and Mogave Indians.

The "Devil's Pincushion"

is a species of cactus about the size of a mush melon, covered over with strong tough spines or prickles about two inches and a half long, with a very sharp point. These, when removed from the cactus, form the pins, and are commonly used as such by hunters, trappers, and prospectors when out on the desert. The Indians,

Having Staked their Captive

to the ground, run these pins into the body to such a depth in the region of the vital parts as not to cause death, and then set fire to them. They burn like pieces of pitchpine, and in the midst of this excruciating agony the miserable being expires.

Buffalo Bill v. "The Messiah."

We learnt from New York on Nov. 28 that Buffalo Bill had arrived at Bismarck, on his way to Standing Rock Agency, whence he arranged to go direct to Sitting Bull's camp. He is believed to have been sent to investigate the "Messiah" craze among the Indians, with almost unlimited authority. General Miles has received a letter from Judge Rice, of Mardan, South Dakota, informing him that the Indians believe that the Messiah is coming to raise the dead and to help them to kill the Whites, and that they are buying all the arms they can at any price. Judge Rice asks for troops and officers. A dispatch from Missoula, Montana, published in the *Inter-Ocean*, Nov. 27, announced that a fierce battle was in progress near Fort Keogh, Montana, between the Indians and troops. Advices from various points report sharp skirmishing all along the line.

The "Ghost Dance."

A friendly Indian, named Plenty Bear, living at Wounded Knee, arrived on Nov. 28 at Pine Ridge. He says that over 2000 Indians are there, and that they have resumed the ghost dance with many warlike accompaniments, including a regular war dance. They swore vengeance against the military authorities for stopping the ghost dance, and took an oath to resist further interference, even if it cost the last drop of their heart's blood.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS "BUFFALO BILL" HAS BEEN SENT TO QUELL: "CÆSAR'S" TURKISH BATH.

A WRECK ASHORE.

THE skilful Artist who is famed for his faithful delineation of marine subjects, and who drew the bold Illustration on the preceding page—Mr. W. H. Overend—will be widely sympathised with. He has met with an accident, which necessitates his resting in a hospital for some time. How surely Mr. Overend has made the sailor's life his own is amply shown in our Engraving of a rescue effected by means of the rocket apparatus, which often proves as serviceable on our coasts as does the gallant life-boat.

The Scene Pictured

will help our readers to realise the anxiety experienced during the gales of last week on one wreck which happened off the coast of Devonshire. The s.s. Uppingham, of London, from Cardiff to China, with coal, was wrecked off Hartland Point. Mr. William Davis, second officer, has made a remarkable statement as to

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS "BUFFALO BILL" HAS BEEN SENT TO QUELL: "CÆSAR," HIS FAMILY AND WIGWAM.

what happened after the vessel went ashore. He states that when

The Ship's Life-boat

was launched eight men got into her, and, without waiting for the rest of the crew, acted in a most cowardly manner by cutting the painter and rowing away. The boat was capable of carrying thirty men, and Mr. Davis attributes the disaster that afterwards happened to her to the fact that she had not sufficient weight to balance her For hours after the vessel struck those on board anxiously awaited assistance from the shore, but, as none came, Mr Davis and Mr Wolcot tossed up with pennies to decide who should swim ashore—a distance of half a mile—to inform the Coastguard of the wreck. Mr. Wolcot lost the toss, and without hesitation

Plunged into the Seas,

which were dashing over the rocks with tremendous force, and, although he battled sturdily with them, he was dashed to pieces against the rocks within sight of those on board the ship. As no assistance arrived, another boat, with thirteen of the crew—all the boat could carry—put of, and after terrible hardships they arrived at Clovelly, where they had to be rubbed with brandy and whisky before they could walk. The few officers remaining on board and the captain's wife were all this while

In a Terrible Plight,

the seas washing completely over the ship, and they expected her to go to pieces every minute. It was not until half past seven in the evening that the coastguard fired

The First Rocket.

That missed its mark, so also did the second; and then the coastguardsmen had to send to Clovelly for more ammunition. The agonies of the officers were ended at half past nine, when they were all

Saved by the Rocket Apparatus.

The captain's wife suffered terribly from exposure, and she is still lying dangerously ill at a farmhouse Another boat, with thirteen men, landed at Clovelly.

GUESSED THE WRONG PLACE.

A widow saw her poor, dear lost husband in a dream.

"How are you, darling?" she asked with the greatest anxiety.

"First-rate! I'm ever so much happier than I was during the entire twenty years I passed with you."

The Widow (joyfully): "Then, oh! then, you must surely be in paradise!"

"No, you poor deceived one; just the reverse."

NO NONSENSE ABOUT HIM.

Mr. Suter: "I've come to ask you for your daughter's hand, Sir."

Old Mr. Dadkins: "Have you obtained her consent?"

Mr. Suter: "No, Sir; she says she won't marry me. But I want you to exert your parental authority, and make her."

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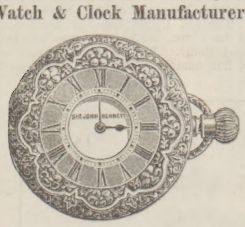

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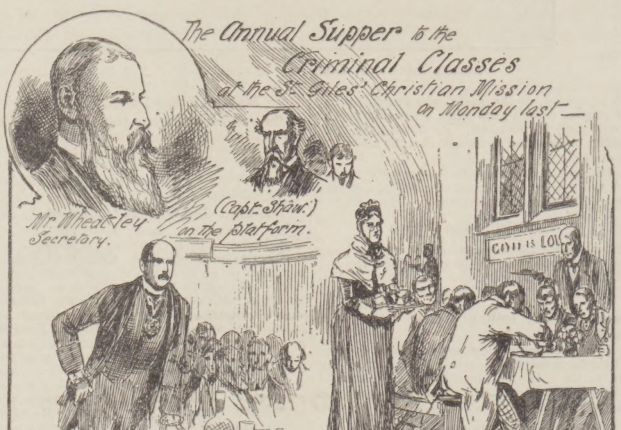
THE WORLD OF WOMEN

St. Giles's Christian Mission

is a charitable organisation I have every confidence in recommending to the support of my well-to-do readers, for I happen to know the Brothers Cheeryble who devote themselves to the noble work which Lord Mayor Savory quite deservedly lauded (as sketched by a *PIP* Artist) last Monday night, in the St Giles's Christian Mission Chapel, Little Wyld-street, Drury Lane. The *Penny Illustrated*, penetrating to the farthermost corners of the Realm, has in former years familiarised the remotest towns and villages with the praiseworthy crusade carried on by Mr. George Hatton, Mr. Wheatley, the Brothers Diprose, and others against crime and vice, and has striven to show how, by holding out helping hands to released convicts, they have reclaimed many a poor soul that would probably have drifted back into crime. In this way this invaluable mission offered timely aid and counsel to no less than 15,997 persons in the past twelvemonth. The gratitude of the reclaimed might have been gauged by anyone who witnessed the bountiful supper given by the St. Giles's Christian Mission last Monday evening. Let all who can help this good work by sending liberal subscriptions to Mr. F. A. Bevan, Hon. Treasurer of the Mission, 54, Lombard-street, W.

Tom Smith's Crackers,

this year more various and delightful than ever, are invaluable adjuncts to Christmas merry-makings. Last year Tom Smith gave 10,000 crackers to the *Truth* Toy Fund for cheering the hearts of the little ones in the workhouses and



hospitals. Tom Smith will contribute 20,000 crackers this year. Well done, Tom Smith!

I find, from letters received from readers of "The World of Women," that I have succeeded in creating an interest for the

"Children's Happy Evenings,"

and I wish to say that it will save time if those who wish to give their services as workers will kindly write (stating where they read about the association) to Miss Edith Begg, 38, Harley-street. I am sure it will interest many of my readers to hear that a benevolent lady, Mrs. F. W. Horne, is very anxious to set on foot a committee to encourage

The Toy-Making Industry

among the women and children of the working classes. At present simply enormous sums are paid away every year to Germany, France, and Switzerland for the toys we give our little ones, and this money Mrs. Horne, with perfect justice, thinks might be given to our own people. She has herself tested the capacity of our people for the work, for during the years 1888 and 1889 she gave constant employment in toy-making to twenty men and women. She found, moreover, that her designs were well carried out at reasonable wages, and she had not the smallest difficulty in disposing of the toys when made. Her great idea is to establish a

Central Depot, or Market,

for buyers and sellers; but, as she needs co-operation, she will be very glad indeed to hear from anyone who is interested in the movement and may have practical suggestions to make. Her address is 9, Greencroft-gardens, Finchley-road.

That very excellent institution

The Ragged School Union,

in the bi-quarterly review of its work, calls attention to the curious fact that in General Booth's great scheme the children have been practically ignored. Nothing is proposed for them beyond a passing reference to the possible establishment of "Day Homes" and a promise to give a "fair trial" to the industrial training of boys, and perhaps girls. Now, I should have thought that anyone who has studied

The Problems of Poverty,

to say nothing of the annals of crime, must be aware that the great thing is to get hold of the children. Since I wrote last, I am told that General Booth is to put the large sum he hopes to get for his scheme into Chancery He is quite right It would never do for him to keep it in his own hands

Mrs. Leach's Periodicals

(Mrs. Leach's 'Family Dressmaker,' 2d. monthly, "Children's Dressmaker," 1d. mid-monthly, and "Fancy Work-Basket," 2d. monthly) are exceedingly cheap and useful publications, and well worthy of commendation in "The World of Women" The special "Fancy-Dress" Number just issued by Mrs Leach (price 6d.) will be found very serviceable to ladies at their wits' end to know what to wear at a Fancy-Dress Ball

Have I ever mentioned in this column the

Sale and Exchange Rooms

at 24, Princes'-street, Cavendish-square? If not, allow me to do so now In these rooms dresses, mantles, jewellery, china, lace—good lace—books, &c., are received and sold for the owners, or exchanged, if exchange be desired. The establishment is very well managed, and a fair percentage on the sale is charged to the seller Ladies who buy a dress or a cloak or mantle which they find less becoming than they expected will, if the article is fashionable and well made of good material, be likely to get a very good price for it, without the trouble of advertising themselves, or of answering the advertisments of others. I am glad to be able to recommend the place to my readers. The season for

Children's Parties

is very close at hand, and the question of what to give the youngsters for supper is almost a perplexing question to the giver of the feast. The children of the present are quite like the children of the past. Many little boys and girls nowadays prefer cake to bread and butter with their tea, and at supper would like to imitate their elders and partake of lobster salad and champagne. But, as we cannot allow such dainties, it is hardly possible to find anything to surpass the good old tipsy cake and the really good jelly. Very nicely roasted apples, arranged upon a prettily ornamented dish—all dishes should be made to look pretty—and served with

Custards or Cream,

ought to be popular, and be sure you have heaps of Tom Smith's crackers to pull at, and put pretty Christmas cards in and out among the oranges, so that each can have a card with his or her orange Almonds and raisins should be provided for the little folk, not to eat, but to pocket. Children love to have a pocket and something in it. There are generally some

Grown-Up People

at children's parties. Give them some sandwiches. No, not the ordinary sandwich, but made in the following fashion Cut some slices of good bread—not the kind that has holes in the crumb—and fry them a light golden brown in a bath of smoking hot fat. If any of my readers have heard Miss Cameron lecture, they will have learned when this bath of fat is fit for use. You must see blue smoke rising from it. Well, then, as soon as your

Slices of Bread

are golden brown, take them out and put them on paper to drain—the sort of paper you would butter to make a cake in, as soon as they are dry, make your sandwich either of chopped anchovies or anchovy paste and a little hard-boiled egg chopped almost fine and sprinkled over it, or you may use a little of the white meat of your

Christmas Turkey

mixed with a little cold tongue. Some people are very fond of tomato sandwiches. The tomatoes should be cut thin, and the slices dipped in oil and vinegar seasoned with pepper and salt.

Sardine Sandwiches

are really delicious: they must, of course, be opened and boned as well as cut in pieces, and a few drops of lemon-juice and the very tiniest punch of cayenne pepper will be found a great improvement Next week, or very soon, I hope, to say something about

Breakfast Dishes.

There is a sad monotony about our first meal of the day which ought to be altered if possible I have been told that the breakfast bill of fare on board a P and O steamer, or one of the great American "Limers," is a revelation to the ordinary Britisher.

Miss Ida Cameron

(whose useful lectures on "Cooking at Gas-Stoves" at the Kensington Assembly Rooms were mentioned by me last week) has dropped some admirable and practical hints For instance she says cooks who have not been properly taught do not know that potatoes which are to be peeled before

Boiling

ought not to be left standing in the water in which they have been washed while the peeling process is going on, as they absorb the dirt which has just been taken from their outsides into their systems, as I may say Miss Cameron also explained why white sauces, as a rule, are so nasty—simply because they are not

Cooked Enough.

There is always a certain amount of flour in white sauce, and anything into which flour is put should be boiled, not merely heated. Also, if you find your sauce too thick, and are obliged to add more milk, you must always let it boil again. Here is a receipt for a dish called

Aunt Jane's Pudding.

I suspect Aunt J. knew what the little people would enjoy at their early dinner Spread raspberry jam at the bottom of a pie-dish Do not be too stingy with it, for jam is wholesome. Pour a pint of boiling milk over three ounces of breadcrumbs (you must increase the quantities according to the number of

Olive Branches).

When the milk and bread cool stir in three well-beaten eggs and two tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Pour this mixture on the jam, and bake, not to quickly, for half an hour It would be wiser perhaps to say "sweeten to taste." I am on the look-out for receipts for practical and easily made dishes for my readers.

MARGUERITE.

LEGAL COLUMN

["Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

APPRENTICESHIP BOOTH.—An appreciateship indenture can be witnessed by any person. But see it is properly stamped.

GUELPH.—If you deny the validity of the will, the proper course is immediately to instruct a solicitor to enter a caveat against probate. If you solicitor to validity of the will, request the executors to prove it at once. If they delay the matter, you can obtain a citation from the court to expedite probate, but this might be at your own expense it is desirable to obtain probate without legal proceedings, if possible.

E. K.—If the tenant has left, your only remedy is to sue in the County Court.

CODLING.—If there are no other material circumstances in the case than those stated by you, you are not liable to make up the loss of trust funds which you sold against the known wishes of the solicitor, ficiary, or before she was of age. It is the duty of a trustee, in the absence of a clause to the contrary in the will, to realise such an investment and pay over the money to the beneficiary. You seem to have invested the money in Consols, which are the most safe and proper investment for trustees, and how you can be responsible for the fluctuations in the stock market since the investment we entirely fail to see.

PATENTEE.—(1) Patentee wishes to know whether having "Provisional protection," he can make his invention public with impunity The Patent Act 1883, sec 14, states that where an application for a patent has been accepted the date of the application and the period between the date of invention may, during the date of sealing, be published without prejudice to the patent and such protection is what is called provisional protection. (2) We know of nothing to prevent Patentee disposing of the application in any way he mentions (3) The mechanic has no claim except for what was agreed. (4) As to the best means of placing the invention and finding not come in develop it, these are questions that do not the scope of a legal column, and the best advice we can give is to consult a patent agent. In fact, upon all the points raised in this letter a patent agent is the best adviser There are many of them in the neighbourhood of Chancery-lane. LEX.

ASKING A GOOD DEAL.

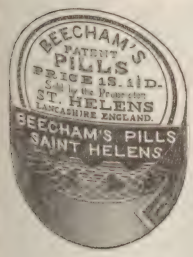
Italian Count: "Oh, my darling! Will-a you-a be-a mine forevva?"

American Heiress: "Well, that will depend somewhat upon papa. I shall be a mine for a while, I expect!"

The Marquis of Salisbury has gone to Lancashire on a Parliamentary lecture or oratorical tour, on behalf of Lord Hartington in a measure. The reports a renewal of this malady with denser fever. Everyone should be forewarned Commons, while the Irish members were debating as to whether Mr Parnell ought to retain his leader-ship, quietly opened the business of the session by allowing Mr. Balfour and the Irish Land and the Tithe Bills. introduce the Irish Land and the Tithe Bills.

OUTBREAK OF INFLUENZA.—The Registrar-General is the remedy and preventive. "Everyone should be forewarned "PEPPER'S QUININE AND IRON," which was effective in the last epidemic. Keep up the strength with "Pepper's Quinine."—[ADVT.]

CADBURY'S COCOA.—"A Food alike suitable for building up the growing body, and for repairing the waste which is incidental to all the processes of life."—*Health.*—[ADVT.]



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VOLUME 1 contains: Tom Bowling—Heart Bowed Down—Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep—I Dreamt I Dwelt—When Other Lips—Caller Herrin'—My Pretty Jane—Fair Land of Poland—Men of Harlech—Happy Moments—Let Me Like a Soldier Fall—Scenes that are Brightest—Alas! Those Chimes—There is a Flower—Mendelssohn's Lieder, Bk. No. 4—Mendelssohn's Lieder, Bk. 1, No. 6—Mendelssohn's Lieder, Bk 2, No. 3—Mendelssohn's Lieder, Bk. 3, No. 4—Banjo Praises—Holy Friar—Guinea a Box Polka—Comin' Through the Rye—Hearts of Oak—Rosebud of Health Waltz—Home, Sweet Home—John Peel—Beecham's Chimes Galop—Anchor 's Weighed—Robin Adair—Beecham's Annual Quadrille.

VOLUME 2 contains: Good Luck to Beecham's Pills—Waft Her, Angels—He Shall Feed His Flock—Lord! Remember David—Angels Ever Bright—He was Despised—Pious Orgies—But the Lord is Mindful—Jerusalem—The Pastoral Symphony—We're a' Noddin'—The Bells of Aberdovey—Vicar of Bray—Mill Wheel—Last Rose of Summer—Auld Lang Syne—White Wings—Sally in Our Alley—The Thorn—Bay of Biscay—The Broken Ring—The Harbour Lights—Kisses—Death of Nelson—Prince Leopold's Galop—St. Helens Waltz—Drink to Me Only—The Banks of Allan Water—Here's to the Maiden—Ruddier than the Cherry.

VOLUME 3 contains: Rory O'More—Pilgrim of Love—Within a Mile—Bailiff's Daughter—Ye Banks and Braes—Miller of the Dee—O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast—Huntingtower—If with all Your Hearts—O Rest in the Lord—All's Well—First Violet—Back to the Mountains—I Would That My Love—What Will You Do—Molly Bawn—Chelsea Bus—Beecham Waltz—Angel's Whisper—Four-Leaved Shamrock—Fisher Maiden—Wearing of the Green—Ben My Chree—Pretty Pond Lilies—Pretty Pearls Polka—Knock at My Window—Who 's That Calling?—The Light of Other Days—The Legacy—The Wanderer.

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THE QUEEN-REGENT OF HOLLAND.

THE YOUNG QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

Pictorial Chronicle of the Period, the *Penny Illustrated Paper* duly published a portrait of the late King of Holland last week. We now fulfil our promise, and give likenesses of the Royal widow, the Queen-Regent, and of her bright young daughter, Princess Wilhelmina, who is ten years old, and will, in the ordinary course of things, succeed to the Throne. It was in January 1879 that William III. married as his second wife the young and beautiful Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, sister of the Duchess of Albany. The one child of this union of "May and December" (as Mr. Sydney Grundy might term it) has been most carefully educated for the illustrious part she will one day probably have to play on the European stage—unless the Republican movement makes a quick clearance of Sovereign Rulers.

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CYCLING ROUND THE WORLD.

BY THE *P.I.P.* CYCLISTS.

ILLUSTRATED BY KODAK VIEWS.

Specially contributed to the *Penny Illustrated Paper* by the American Touring Cyclists, MM. William L. Sachtleben and Thomas G. Allen jun., who are travelling on the Minnehaha roadsters of the Iroquois Cycle Company, and whose first letter appeared on Oct. 18.

LETTER SEVENTH: IN ITALY.

(To the Editor of "The Penny Illustrated Paper.")

Milan, Italy, Nov. 7, 1890.

Out of France and into Italy! Only an imaginary line, and yet what a difference it makes in the language and customs of the people! It was such thoughts as these that occupied our minds as we wheeled along slowly that First of November afternoon after bidding good-bye to our old acquaintance La Belle France. We had not proceeded far, however, before we were startled from our philosophic musings by a sudden

"La Bas!"

shouted by two stalwart guards, who confronted us around a bend in the road. Being taken somewhat by surprise by this sudden peremptory invitation, we did not at first comply. "La bas!" again shouted the two gold-trimmed individuals in front of us, in a somewhat sterner tone. With this we dismounted, and proceeded to undergo a cross-examination. After stating, in reply to their question, that we did not intend to return, we were allowed to proceed to

The Custom House,

about a hundred yards beyond. Here we were obliged to enter a dark, dingy-looking office, where we found a small but very important individual sitting at a dusky desk. When informed of our mission he told us that we should have to pay

Eighty-four Francs Duty

on each of our machines, and that the same would be refunded to us when we left Italy on the presentation of certain documents which he would make out for us. This was pleasant news for us, inasmuch as we had only 160f. on our person. The Italian Consul at Nice had informed us that the duty on bicycles was only 42f. each, and we therefore had deferred drawing any more money on our letter of credit until we needed it in Italy. But here we were in the Italian Custom House without enough money to pay our way through. The nearest bank to which we could draw was at Mentone, which we had passed just over the French border; but we had told the guards at the line that we did not intend to return, and one of us now had to make, although unable to make an explanation in the face the music. It fell to the lot of "S." to run this gauntlet. In this he was finally successful after a war of words and gesticulations. Another difficulty, however, presented itself after reaching the bank

At Mentone.

It was a bank holiday throughout the country, and the doors were therefore closed. The cashier had to be visited at his private residence, and he, after hearing our story, kindly opened the bank and drew for us the necessary amount.

The duty was now soon paid, and our bicycles stamped with a piece of lead, which we were cautioned to retain on our wheels during our stay in Italy. We left the Custom House with light hearts and very light pocket-books. As we wended our way up the hill we waved a last farewell to the group of officials who stood in the doorway looking after us. They seemed to be regretting that they had not charged us a few hundred francs, just to remember us by. We congratulated ourselves by this time were thoroughly disgusted with Custom Houses and officials, and were more than ever adherent to the doctrines of Free Trade.

The First Sight

that greeted our eyes after our entrance into Italy was a group of men crowded around a gambling-table, over which they were shouting and moving their hands in excited manner. To see this national failing of Italy just at the very threshold was not calculated to give us a very favourable impression of the country that we were about to visit. It seemed to be a holiday throughout this part of Italy, for there was no work doing, and the men were gathered in groups about the different villages. On our speedy transit through their midst we were greeted for the greatest excitement: even the gamblers stopped, and their heated discussions gave place to exclamations of wonder and surprise.

Our Ride to Genoa

was continued by the picturesque Riviera road on which we had started at Nice. The scenery along this route is of the grandest character. Far away to the north are the snow-covered

Peaks of the Alps,

sparkling like diamonds in the clear blue of the distant sky. At your feet are the placid waters of the warm Mediterranean. As you look out upon the broad expanse with its ever-changing tints it appears like one vast rainbow curving round the sunny shores of Italy. From the light green among the rocks along the shore the water extends seaward, until it finally loses itself in "purple distance." The road itself winds in and out among the rugged cliffs, now through a tunnel through some protruding promontory,

THE P.I.P. CYCLISTS ON TOUR: SHRINE ON ROADSIDE, NEAR CHIARI, ITALY.

THE P.I.P. CYCLISTS ON TOUR: ALLEN DISMOUNTING AT ALLASIO, ITALY.

now far out upon the ledge, with the sound of the dashing waves rumbling in the narrow defiles beneath.

The surface of

The Roads in Italy

is not nearly so good as that on the roads of France. Besides being very bumpy in some places, it is covered with a thick layer of dust, which, in rainy weather, is converted into a thick paste, the sticking qualities of which we can affirm are of the highest order. The introduction of cushion tyres into Italy would be a very great boon to the resident cyclists, and would no doubt prove a paying investment for the introducer.

Our first night in Italy was spent at the Hôtel du Commerce, at the town of

San Remo,

which we reached about dark, after a short uninterrupted day's run. At the supper-table that night we discussed our first day's impressions of Italy and its inhabitants. The civility and politeness of those we had met along the road was in striking contrast with that of the French-men, with whom we had been associated for so many weeks past. When called upon to clear the road, they would do so with the greatest reluctance, and ofttimes would give us

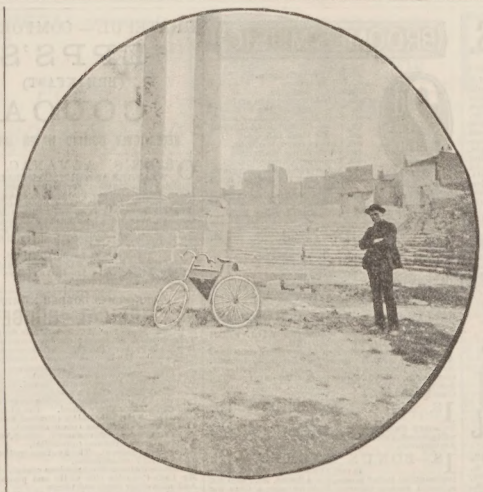
A Word of Abuse

for our intrusion. There seems to be no established rule for passing, and the teamsters take advantage of this doubt by invariably taking up the best part of the road. By no means are the cyclists here held in the same respect as the gentlemen of England and France.

Our day's sojourn at Genoa was spent in sight-seeing and visiting the

Veloce Club Christopho Columbo,

the largest bicycle organisation of this part of Italy. When riding through the streets of the city in the morning we were unceremoniously stopped by a municipal officer, and given to understand that we were not privileged to ride



THE P.I.P. CYCLISTS ON TOUR: RUINS OF ROMAN ARENA AT FREJUS, ITALY.

THE P.I.P. CYCLISTS ON TOUR: OUR ESCORT FROM ARLES AT LA CLOITRE AND L'EGLISE DE ST. THROPLIURE, ITALY.

somewhere in the city. This we have found is a rule in most of the large cities of Italy. Cycling here has reached comparatively small proportions, and the wheelmen, therefore, enjoy very few privileges. The smaller the number of privileges upon them. The fact is that the bicycle of to-day is one of the types of nineteenth-century progress, and cannot be barred or restricted. It is only a question of time when some form of it will be as common a vehicle of locomotion as the modern carriage. As the people become more and more accustomed to it, the barriers, one by one, will fall away; and I believe that in many years in the future we hope, and

The "Steel Horse" Will Push Its Way

to every part of the inhabited world.

The morning of Nov. 5 we prepared to

Leave Genoa

on our way to Milan. Our bicycle friends had warned us against attempting the first twenty-three kilometres of the road on our wheels, on account of the heavy mud and steep climb up the abrupt range of the Apennines. "C'est impossible!" they cried as we wheeled away; but as we expected to find something a little more than mud and mountains before we finished our trip, we were not in the least deterred by this friendly warning.

The road proved to be all they had represented, and our

Climb of Fifteen Miles

was attended with some little labour. The day was very cloudy, and as we reached the top a heavy mist began to fall. Having had a little lunch at a small mountain inn along the road, we started on the descent. After two hours' running we emerged from the clouds that surrounded the mountains, and ran out into the sunny

Valley of the Po.

It was not long before the road was as level and smooth as a floor, and we were soon running at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. By some unseen rut in the road

I was Thrown

to one side, and, with my momentum, was unable to escape one of the stone posts that are set at the side of the Italian roads. The pedal of my machine was so twisted that I was obliged to ride several miles with one foot to the

Town of Zortona,

where I obtained the use of a carpenter's large wooden mallet and block. Although delayed by my accident, we were able to make Voghera before dark, where we dismounted for the night.

The next morning we were accompanied for a short distance by

Signore Bolduzzi Enrico,

a gentleman of Voghera, who, attracted by our machines, had followed us to the hotel the evening before. By some mischance we failed to turn off on the right road, and went ten miles out of our way to the little town of Broni. We arrived at

Pavia,

however, by 12.30 p.m., and were proceeding to the hotel for dinner, when we were recognised by some gentlemen in the street as the two bicyclists described in the local papers. They hurriedly ushered us off to a café, where we and our machines were fairly mobbed by the crowd of

Enthusiastic Cyclists

that soon assembled. By using French as a compromise between the English and Italian, we were able to answer their many questions, and to ask some of our own. After several drinks to the success of the trip, we left the place, followed by an immense crowd, all shouting three cheers for America in the Italian tongue. We returned the compliment, as best we could, by a

"Vive l'Italie!"

and a tip of the hat. It was early in the evening when we

Rode into Milan,

after a very level run of twenty miles from Pavia. As we reached the business portion of the city we were again stopped by an officer, and, for some reason, were not even allowed to proceed on foot, so that we were obliged to turn back and put up at the hotel nearest at hand. This happened to be

The Grand Bretagne.

Here we found very comfortable quarters, and, what was much more appreciated, several English gentlemen, with whom we could converse in our long-neglected native tongue.

WM. L. SACHTLEBEN.
THOS. G. ALLEN JUN.

(To be continued.)

P.I.P. CYCLISTS ON TOUR: MONKS AND THE ADVANCING CIVILISER. SCENE NEAR SAVONA, ITALY.

P.I.P. CYCLISTS ON TOUR: THE MONUMENT TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS IN COGOLETO, N. ITALY.

THE P.I.P. CYCLISTS ON TOUR: N. E. KAUFMAN, CHAMPION TRICK RIDER OF THE WORLD, TRYING THE P.I.P.'S MINNEHAHA AT MILAN.

THE P.I.P. CYCLISTS ON TOUR: TAKING LEAVE OF OUR ESCORT FROM MILAN, M. ENGLEMAN JUN.

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Our justly celebrated packets this season are of the most stupendous value. Last year our sales more than doubled, and this Christmas we are offering quality and quantity such as will drive all competitors out of the field. Our cards always please, and bring us hundreds of fresh customers through recommendation alone. Our No. 1 Packet contains four 6d. cards, six 4d. cards, six 3d. cards, twelve 2d. cards, twenty 1d. cards, and thirty various-price cards of Flowers, Fruits, Scenery, Shipping, Winter Views, Animals, Castles, Comic Figures, &c. Most of these are of the greatest excellence in character, with many gold bevelled-edged cards. Also, in addition to above, ten gold-backed cards, three pretty cards, Mamma's Pets, five Nigger Cards, five silvered Sunset Cards, and the magnificent Lighthouse Card, a model of a Lighthouse and Rock, which contains eight other cards, making 110 cards, free for 2s. 6d. This Packet cannot be sent to be believed. We do not credit the tremendous value given. The Packet is worth quite 12s. 6d.
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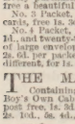

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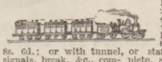

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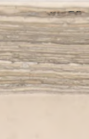

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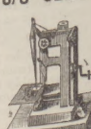

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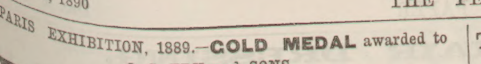

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